THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

December, 1802.

ANN BOLEN.

[With an elegant Portrait.]

ANN Bolen, wife of Henry the Eighth, King of England, and mother of Queen Elizabeth, was memorable for being the cause of the Reformation in this country. She was the daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, and was born in 1507. Her early years were spent at the French court, where she attended the sister of Henry the Eighth, wife of Lewis the Twelfth. She returned about 1525, and became maid of honor to Queen Catherine of Arragon, wife of Henry the Eighth. The King fell so violently in love with her, that he formed the resolution of divorcing Catherine, in order to make her his wife. This design he carried into execution, and married Ann Bolen privately; but when she proved with child, he publicly acknowledged her as his Queen, and she so continued till the fallacious tyrant conceived a passion for Jane Seymour. He then caused her to be tried for high treason, in having been unchaste with her brother, and four other persons. She suffered decapitation with great resolution, May 19th, 1536. The Romanists have taken every method to vilify the character of this unfortunate woman, as much out of malice against Queen Elizabeth, as the Reformation. She was doubtless very gay and thoughtless, but the charge of incontinence never could be substantiated against her.

OLD WOMAN.

NO. LII.

[Concluded from page 295.]

THE lenient hand of time, however, and the hopes of meeting again in a better world, gradually restored me to some degree of composure, in which I was assisted by the deep and cordial regard which my William continued to display, from the moment that he had heard of our loss. His letters, indeed, breathed all the advice of affection; and though a new engagement, into which he entered, prevented his visiting the country for a time, scarcely a week past but I heard from him, and advised with him in regard to our little farm, which my mother and I could neither manage to advantage; nor were we willing to resign it, till we could determine on our future destination.

In a few months, however, after our melancholy privation, William, embracing the first possible opportunity of seeing us, became our guest; and having obtained my mother's consent, it was settled, that our property was to be sold off, and that she was to accompany us to London, while I was to be his for ever. It was agreed on likewise, that my mother was to live with us, till something more elegible should occur; and, as I had thus the satisfaction to find that I was to be blest with the society of the only two persons in the world for whom I felt a more than ordinary regard, my consent to the plan was not long withheld.

Suffice it to say, that on the sale of our effects, and converting every thing into money, the produce amounted to little more than 350l. Fifty pounds were applied by my kind and indulgent mother to assist in furnishing our apartments; and the rest of our little fortune, by the express desire of William, was laid

laid out in the funds in the name of trustees; the interest to be for the use of my mother during life, and the principal to revert to me and mine.

Matters being thus arranged, I gave my dear William my hand, and with it my heart, at the parish church where I was born; and in a short time after, we set out for London. I could not leave the scene of my early days, the objects and the persons that had been endeared to me by long recollection, without a pang and a tear; but the idea of London, with the society of a husband and a mother whom I tenderly loved, soon reconciled me to the change; and I arrived in the metropolis, full of all that ardent hope which young and inexperienced minds so easily indulge. The beauty of the buildings, the spaciousness of the streets, the splendor of equipage, the appearance of wealth, and the bustle of business and of pleasure, all conspired to make me consider London as a terrestrial paradise, compared with the calm and unostentatious scenes I had left behind.

I found the lodgings which had been provided for us, agreeable and convenient enough: but though I used all possible œconomy, and laboured, as well as my mother, to save whatever could be saved, it was not long before I was sensible that my husband's income would not allow us even those comforts we had enjoyed in the country, much less to participate in those pleasures which we saw profusely spread around us. I soon learned that London unites the two extremes of wealth and wretchedness; that the rich were generally profuse without generosity, and pursuers of pleasure without a relish for enjoyment; while the poor and the unhappy were neglected in the midst of a crowd, and strangers even to their next neighbours. I found that wealth was more esteemed than virtue; and that without connection, or some means of being known, a person might literally starve amidst abundance, and want the most common necessaries of life, though apparently ready to touch his lips.

My William, who was all kindness, prevailed on me and my mother to visit, at intervals, every place of amusement, which gratified me to the full; but, after seeing plays, and shows, and gardens, once, I resolved not to diminish our slender finances by a repetition of expences, but to content myself with those public walks and exhibitions, which were to be seen without money, and therefore may be enjoyed without incurring censure, or awakening regret. My mother encouraged my laudable attention to the interests of my husband, which surely were also my own; and though he was not of a disposition to grudge what circumstances would allow him to spend, or his honest industry could procure, he appeared pleased with my prudence, and acquiesced in my resolves.

Within less than a year after I came to London, our family was encreased by the birth of a son, whom I nursed with the fondest care; and in consequence, felt my attachment to domestic duties strengthened by the tie. My mother too, being naturally of an industrious habit, and used to labour all her life, assisted me in every possible way; but, except in managing our little family affairs to the best advantage, and in providing with our own hands whatever we had opportunity and abilities to execute, we had no practicable means of eking out a slender income, by our diligence and application. This vexed me extremely; and, without saying a word on the subject to my husband, I often tortured my imagination, in order to invent or discover some new mode of rendering myself more useful, and my labours more productive. I frequently conceived the idea of engaging in some kind of trade; but our situation was not favorable for opening a shop; and besides, we wanted money to stock it.

During this period of hesitation and suspence, I observed, with sorrow inexpressible, that my dear William daily became more pensive and thoughtful; and though his attention and endearments to his family

mily were not in the least abated, it was evident that he was unhappy. A thousand times I conjured him, by the love he had ever shewn me, to let me into the cause of his uneasiness; but he always put me off with a smile, and assured me that it was fancy alone that made me suspect he was ill at ease. I could not help, however, guessing at the cause. I knew his income; I knew likewise that he saved every shilling that was decently in his power to do; but the growing expences of the family co-operating with the pressure of the times, I was sure must eventually involve him in debt, if he was not so already; and this reflection embittered every moment when I was alone. I could not help, likewise, considering myself as accessary to his embarrassments. While single, he had enough to maintain himself with decency; but by marrying me, his expenditure of necessity was increased. He was the last man in the world who would have even hinted at this; but my generosity was not less than his own; and as our destiny was one and the same, I thought it incumbent on me, by every law of honor and morality, to assist his endeavors, and to extricate him from his difficulties.

While I was one day chusing, and the next rejecting, the part I ought to act, it happened that we took a walk, one evening, to one of the numerous villages in the vicinity of town; and as we passed a neat, pleasant, small house, I observed a board put up, signifying that the good will of a day-school for children under six years of age, was to be parted with, on moderate terms, and directing to apply on the premises. Immediately it struck me that this was a situation for which I was qualified both by temper and inclination: but I took no farther notice, than merely to praise the house, and the village where it was situate, which I found would be compatible with my William's engagements in town. Next day, however, I determined, when my husband was engaged at the counting-house, to make farther enquiries; but, before I

could carry my design into execution, I had the grief to discover, that my husband had been arrested for a small debt, contracted on account of his family, and that it was only by the kindness and liberality of his master, that he was saved from a prison. This filled me with horror; and communicating my intentions to my mother only, I resolved to obtain immediate information as to the terms of the school I had observed was to be relinquished. The sum for coming in was 50l. which my mother induced her trustees to advance. A bargain was almost struck before my dear husband was apprised of my design; and when I acquainted him with what we had been doing, and adjured him not to oppose me, he could only say, "You are too good, Mary!" and burst into tears.

To make short, his master approved of our honest zeal to be independent, and sent two of his own children to my little seminary at its first opening. This gave me at once some degree of reputation, and was the means of fixing the former patrons of the institution, and of procuring more. I took delight, as a mother, in seeing the children of other mothers happy; and though I met with various difficulties at first, by degrees I surmounted them all.

In ten years time, I produced two more boys, and as many girls; and my husband's salary being advanced, on account of his long and faithful services, we not only lived in comfort, but were making rapid advances to a moderate independence; when my dear William, who had ever proved the best and most tender of husbands, falling into a decline, in a few weeks sunk into an untimely grave. Gracious God! what I suffered!—what I suffer even now, as my pen records the indelible impression on my heart! But I had children to animate me; I had duties of such magnitude to perform, that I dared not give way to despair. The Father of the fatherless, and the Husband of the widow, in his good providence, raised me up new friends; while my diligence had won the firm regard

of

of my old connections; and, after many years of toil in my humble but useful vocation, I had the happiness to see all my children brought up, and eligibly settled in life, and to be able to retire myself with a fortune fully equal to my desires, and beyond my most sanguine hopes.

From my story, let honest and industrious poverty learn, that there are various ways of turning the most slender talents to advantage; and that, barring those reverses against which it is impossible for human prudence to arm, there are few situations which may not be improved, by well-directed and persevering application.

Mary M——.

TO THE BEAUTIFUL AMELIA.

Madam,

I HAVE enjoyed the honor of serving your Ladyship some years, during which time, you have been pleased to favor me with evident marks of your esteem, and a familiarity that none of your other utensils can boast of, though many of them my betters by far: as, therefore, I have shewn you to yourself so often, and been so happy always to have my fidelity approved of by your Ladyship, I hope you will pardon my boldness, on taking this method to discover to you some failings on yourself, which my surface cannot possibly represent. If I may presume to say so, Madam, you consult me much too often; and I am confident it would be better for you, if you was to be a greater stranger to me. How many thousand times must you be told that you are handsome? I assure you of it every day; but you will not be satisfied, unless I tell you so every hour; nay, almost every moment. I cannot deceive; your person is exceeding amiable; but I must, at the same time, inform your Ladyship, with my usual sincerity, that you would be infinitely more agreeable, if you did not think so.

so. Consider, Madam, I beseech you, that if you come to me ten thousand times a day, that it is not in my power to make you wiser or handsomer; but shall certainly destroy one of the finest ornaments of beauty, by rendering you too well acquainted with your own perfections.

Whenever you stand before me, with all your charms set forth to the greatest advantage, I perceive you are apt to view yourself with too great pleasure, and grow proud and conceited of your own beauty, which, in time, will make other people ridicule and despise you; and, therefore, I honestly and ingenuously intreat you to avoid my company; for, Madam, I must confess, that the worst enemies the fair ones have, cannot do them so much prejudice as I, their chief favourite. It grieves me to the heart to find it so, and often puzzles me extremely to account for their fondness of me, when I continually do them mischief. Whether it be, as a witty Gentleman once said of me, from my talent of *casting reflection;* or whether it be from the large quantity of quicksilver which belongs to me, and without which I am useless as well as innocent; for as the learned observe, Madam, mercury is highly prejudicial to your sex, either where there is too much of it in the composition of a fair lady, or when it is used externally as a help to beauty; as in the former case, it is generally the cause of excessive levity, so in the latter, it is always observed to hurt the eyes, and deface those charms which it is designed to assist and improve; or whether my gaily gilded frame is so apt to infect the mind of the beholder with vanity; or, lastly, whether it be from the brittleness of my other materials, which, by a kind of sympathy, affect people who are too conversant with me:—from whatever cause it proceeds, a lady, who has a fine face, might almost as well fall into the small-pox, as to be often in my company. How many charming creatures have I destroyed; and made beauty the greatest misfortune that could befall them! I cannot think of it without feeling the utmost concern. Why am I fated to be thus unlucky, and injure those the most that love me best? Alas! why was I made a Mirror? Was it my desire to be covered with silver, and inclosed in a frame of gold? Did I aspire to be

fixed

fixed in this honourable place, and become a lady's favourite? Oh, that I had been some meaner piece of furniture, less respected, and less mischievous. Keep off, dear Lady, I beseech you, from an unhappy object, which destiny makes pernicious to the loveliest creature under heaven, or I shall soon infect you with the worst disease incident to beauty, and that is—*vanity*.

I am, it is true, a useful servant, if employed only when I ought to be, which is seldom: but if a lady grows so fond of me, that she runs to ask my opinion of every look; if she consults me forty times for once that she consults her Prayer-book or Bible, I shall certainly prove much more hurtful to her than age or ugliness. I beg, Madam, that you will interpret what your servant says, to proceed wholly from love and respect to you: the tender regard I have for your Ladyship, together with some symptoms I have lately discovered, makes me tremble for you. I dread the apprehension of bringing contempt on so good a mistress; and would not, for the world, be the occasion of your losing any one grace of a fine woman. No, rather let me be broken in a thousand pieces! I am not without fear of giving offence by the liberty I am taking; but if you should banish me your presence, I cannot forbear speaking where your Ladyship's welfare is so much concerned; and, indeed, if what I dread should come to pass, it would be better for us to part for ever. Better for you to be without my service, than to suffer by it; and better for me to lose my Lady, and be thrown into a corner, than to remain where I am, and be accessary and instrumental in spoiling as much beauty and sweetness as ever Mirror had the happiness to reflect.

I am, Madam, with the most dutiful respect,

Your faithful and devoted

MIRROR.

PUPIL.

NO. III.

THE ROSE-BUD: A TALE.

"To Nature and yourself appeal,
"Nor learn from others what to feel."

IN the vicinity of ————, where the scenery is rather beautiful than romantic, and where art has softened the tints of nature, the Right Honorable Lady ———— resided, enjoying the solitary comforts of an agreeable seclusion. Her Ladyship was passionately fond of a flower-garden: she watched over the tender blossoms of early spring with unremitting attention, and observed the minutest variations of the barometer, in order that she might learn precisely the state of the atmosphere; and even, when it presaged an approaching storm, she sheltered her delicate charge from the inclement blast. Her tulips surpassed those of Haerlem in the richness of their tints; and her hyacinths and carnations were unrivalled. But mostly she prized the rose: to rear the "Queen of Flowers*" in perfection, she devoted the most considerable portion of her time. Two blossoms appeared upon her favorite tree, and in succession gradually expanded to perfection. Delighted to a degree of enthusiasm with the office of nurturing the gay foliage of nature, she bestowed distinct appellations upon every flower; and she distinguished those upon her favorite tree with the names of Sophia and Julia. The perfection in which Lady ———— raised her flowers, was soon known in every part of the kingdom, and thousands flocked to ————, in order that they might obtain a peep at the Pride of Flora; but this privilege was obtained only by a very limited circle; for, ere permission could be obtained to gaze on such choice objects, they had to pass the ordeal of a rigid examination by her Ladyship, when all those were rejected who had not made the perfection of a flower-garden their chief study or amusement. She dismissed them without any regard to the pretensions of birth, or the claims of fortune. Among the happy few who were admitted, a distinguished

* Anacreon.

tinguished personage, well known in the circle of fashion, evinced a highly cultivated taste, and a *naivete* in discrimination, which far surpassed the abilities of every other candidate for admission. He entered—Ravished with the transporting sight, in an extacy of admiration, he stood motionless; the beauteous roses, as if conscious of the approach of man, shrunk in their leaves, and drooped their lovely heads, as when to the rays of sunshine succeed clouds, and the malevolent chillness of the north-east wind. Adulation hung on his lips, and hope prompted the feeble tribute of panegyric; but, ever and anon, the Demon of Despair overwhelmed his brain, and locked his tongue in silence: he looked pensive, walked round the garden, and stole a secret glance at Nature's pride. Wild melancholy, and wan despair, by turns, usurped possession of his soul. When her Ladyship spoke to him, he turned his head away, and, with a sigh, uttered, "Yes, they are beautiful!" "What strange alteration is this?" asked Lady ———. "Does the sight offend your Grace? or do you wish to offer an insult to my pride?" "I feel they are, too, too beautiful," he replied, without attending to her remarks. He repeated his visits daily, praised her Ladyship for her exquisite taste; and, at length, asked if he might pluck the elder rose, called Sophia, and wear it in his bosom. Presumptuous thought! But he had testified sufficiently, that such a signal favor accorded with his merits. The fair proprietor consented with tears; and he plucked the lovely and reluctant blossom in its prime. Ere it parted from Julia, attendant Zephyrs made them kiss each other: it departed, to flourish beneath a Ducal Coronet, and repose in the faithful bosom of the Duke of ———. No sooner had the garden lost the queen of beauty, than each flower in its turn reviled the infant, solitary bud. A tulip, which chance had rooted next to it, addressed the forlorn rose, in the haughty pomp of supercilious pride: "Yes, Julia, you may hang your head, and weep; your hope is, indeed, a forlorn one. I perceived your ambition; I saw your finesse to supplant your sister; but, poor thing, I cannot but pity you: your arts were ineffectual; you were passed by unnoticed;

noticed; the brilliancy of your sister's tints only presented you to view; they are fled, and you are discarded. Even the primrose, the honeysuckle, and the humble daisy, insultingly reminded Julia of her loss; and basely triumphed over the solitary bud; and, to render it still more distressing, the favoured Sophia reminded it of inferior worth. Torn from every hope, and insulted like the pale heir of adversity, it longed to be called from a scene, where every look, and every gesture, spoke contempt, save that of its fair patroness, who neglected every other shrub to caress this darling infant. The rose which she had so liberally bestowed on his Grace looked pale, and she fancied that a change of air was fatal to the health of so tender a plant. She chided herself for parting with it, and determined that no one should rob her of the remaining jewel. His Grace introduced a friend, who gazed on the rich tints of unrivalled nature with adoration. He espied the lovely, solitary rose-bud, yet would not be seen to notice it, (being informed how highly it was prized). He fixed his eyes upon a tulip, and asked the price. The fair owner revolving in her mind the worth of the flower, was examining the petals, when the thief cast a look at the rose: Zephyr wafted the lovely bud towards him; he put forth his hand, snatched it, and in an instant was out of sight. Ah, fatal hour! when the kind matron was outwitted, and the cruel Zephyr hurled the rose-bud to destruction. The varlet cherished it for a day or two; but finding that it sickened at his infamy, he cast it from him, and threw its withered leaves on the dunghill, where every weed that the gardener had collected for the purpose of burning, kicked it away, and whispered to each other, "Behold, how are the mighty fallen! Filthy creature, put it away! Let us not be defiled!" Estranged from its patroness and sister, it lay subjected to the fury of inclement skies, and the vile reproaches of indignant meanness. Fatal credulity! barbarous inhumanity! The loveliest of the lovely died amidst the slander and the pointed insults of little tongues. Julia died unheeded, but not forgotten.

THE MAN OF INTEGRITY.

A NOVEL.

CHAPTER VI.

The generous Guardian—News from the Continent—
An Orphan's Gratitude—And the Conclusion.

THE little chearful circle at Howard Lodge experienced no interruption of their innocent serenity, till one evening, about the beginning of June, when the whole party were assembled in the garden, devising various sports, a beautiful butterfly excited the admiration of Louisa, who, without any intention of killing, delighted herself with the pursuit of it round the garden. The insect flew across the small canal; and Louisa, intent only on its beauteous wings, with one heedless step plunged into the water. Mrs. Howard shrieked: Emma, affrighted, clang round her neck; and Mr. Howard, darting towards the canal, threw himself in to recover the lovely child, who had already sunk. Howard dived after her, and soon regained the bank, where his wife stood in breathless agony. Louisa was, to all appearance, dead. Emma wept over her dear companion: and Mrs. Howard was obliged to be conveyed to her chamber. Howard fortunately succeeded in reviving his little charge, flew with her to Eliza's apartment, where his now hoarse voice first reminded her that he had remained two hours in his wet cloaths. Alarmed for his safety, she soon prepared every possible preventive, but, to her extreme sorrow, she found his cold increase every hour, and, before morning, he was seized with an intermitting fever, which the medical gentlemen who were sent for, declared to be highly dangerous; and Eliza, as usual, when he was indisposed, watched beside him with unceasing assiduity. Things were in

this situation, when a courier arrived in haste with a letter for Mrs. Howard: the hand was not familiar to her, and she opened it with trepidation, which increased to the most poignant distress, as she read these words written by Mrs. Villars:

"DEAR MADAM,

"My mind is at present too much agonized to prepare you for the melancholy event I have to relate, and I am sure you will participate my sorrow with sisterly concern. My poor brother, Madam, is no more. Louisa is an orphan. But I will endeavor to be coherent. You know a considerable time has elapsed since Henry's departure, and we have all experienced some anxiety at his long silence, which the following account from yesterday's Chronicle accounts for.

Brussels, March 30.

"An affair of honor took place here yesterday between the Rev. H. Warren and Colonel Midgeley, both English gentlemen; the latter of whom, it seems, had been accompanied to Brussels by Mrs. Warren, who immediately wished to return to her husband's protection; but the duel terminating in favor of the Colonel, they have again absconded; and we are concerned to state, that Mr. Warren has since died of his wounds."

Eliza laid down the letter. Her sensations may surely be forgiven; they were pure as friendship itself could dictate: a burst of tears relieved her, and she again read,

"What a dreadful narrative this is for a sister to read! Mrs. Howard, I am almost distracted; for if ever a heart full of honor and integrity beat in a human breast, that heart was Henry's. Now, dear Madam, I must entreat you and Mr. Howard still to keep Louisa. Dear orphan, I could not bear her presence, and tremble to communicate this intelligence

to my father; but the sad task must be performed, as he must certainly go over to see every necessary duty performed. Oh what calamity has that poor misguided woman brought on us!—Adieu, dear Madam.

Exeter. I am yours, &c.

MARIA VILLARS."

When Howard awaked from his slumber, Eliza communicated to him the contents of this epistle. He expressed sincere concern, but was too ill to take further notice; and his increasing danger took from Eliza every other care. The crisis approached; Howard could not live another day; and he expressed a wish to see the children. He embraced them both. Louisa took his burning hand,—"Are you very, very ill, Sir?" "Yes, my love, Mr. Howard is very ill," said Mrs. Howard, while tears streamed down her cheeks. "Eliza," said Howard, faintly, "do not weep, for your kind solicitude would almost make me arraign the order of Mercy. Life must be dear to me, when Eliza wishes it—But I must die." "Die!" cried Louisa; "my dear new papa die! Oh, no, no. Why did you not let me be drowned? for Fanny says it is all through saving me that you got cold; and I'm sure, papa, I will go in again, if you will but live." Her sobs now, with those of Emma, who had fallen on his neck, disturbed him, and Mrs. Howard was obliged to sooth them. He then took her hand: "Dear, dear Eliza," said he, "your exemplary conduct makes you seem to me now more than mortal; and I leave you in the happy assurance that we shall meet again. But cheer your spirits, my love; the world has yet many gay scenes for you. Your youth, your virtues, must not be blighted thus early. Protect these beloved children; let them be sisters in love and fortune; rear them in imitation of your own perfections; and be assured I leave this world happy in you, and at peace with my own heart. Never have I had a moment's cause but to bless the hour that first

gave you to me. Let me embrace my children—Eliza!"—The last word faltered on his lips. Mrs. Howard threw her arms round him; the children clung to her knees; and Howard breathed his last sigh on her bosom.

The cries of Louisa and Emma soon brought the servants to the room, and they bore her senseless from the body of her husband. Grateful friendship, in the mind of a virtuous woman, will often rise superior to passion; and such was the sentiment Eliza had experienced for Howard. His worth, his affections, had endeared him to her; his child had cemented the bond of esteem; and the consciousness that she had conducted herself to his satisfaction, and contributed to his happiness to the last moment, afforded her the only consolation she was now capable of experiencing: but her spirits had received a double shock, and her health gradually declined. Lady Torpid and Mrs. Herbert were both at Bath, and pressing in their entreaties that she would join them there; to enforce which, Mrs. Herbert herself came, and assisted her friend through the sad solemnity that was to be performed, and then almost forcibly compelled her to return with her to Bath. Choice, not etiquette, induced Eliza to live totally secluded. The children grew healthy and amusing, and Mrs. Howard preferred their society to any other. One morning Lady Torpid entered her apartment leading her little Alonzo by the hand: "There," said she, laughing; "Go, child, and chuse a wife. You must, and shall, have one of those beauties; though they are either old enough to whip you.—Mamma and I will settle the business." "As mad as ever, I see," said Mrs. Howard, smiling. "Not I, truly; but sometimes matrimony runs in my head; for who do you think has entered within its holy pales? You have been so sick, and so sorry, these last three weeks, that I could not tell you. My sister Mary has found a husband. But the best of the story is to come. A tall Irish wretch met the blooming damsel

damsel somewhere; heard she had a large fortune, (for report always magnifies;) that she was allied to nobility—So you see she may thank me for her blessing—So he made love outrageously, won the day, wedded the dame, and found out his blunder; but not till he had carried Mrs. Mc Lochlan to Holyhead, where they were to embark for his castle in *Never-heard-of-shire!!* Well, what did this Hibernian spouse think proper to do, when he found that her whole fortune was but two hundred pounds, (which would hardly pay his shoe-maker's bill,) but warmed her well one cold day with his shilelagh, and securing her small stock of ready cash and jewels, left her to sing gramachree to a sorrowful tune, and has never since been heard of. The poor widow-bewitched is completely humbled. I cannot but feel a little satisfaction at this revenge; though, from my soul, I wish the villain could be found, and properly punished. But it proves he is a notorious swindler, and has as many names as tricks; so it is probable we shall hear no more of him, till the annals of Newgate record his fame to posterity." Lady Torpid had told her story in such a ludicrous way, that Eliza could not but laugh; though revenge was far from her thoughts. Her Ladyship staid the day, and Sir Tancred joined them in the evening, when he made himself perfectly agreeable.

Emma Howard was one year younger than Louisa Warren: her person was finely formed, and she was tall for her age; her countenance was expressive of sweetness and good-humor, strongly resembling her mother; and her temper was gentle in the extreme. She wanted that lively sensibility which rendered Louisa, when but seven years old, a most interesting child. With a slight and elegant figure, Louisa possessed all her mother's beauty, heightened by the spirited animation of her father's countenance.

One day, when Mrs. Howard was too much indisposed to walk with them, she sent them out, attended only by Fanny. As they passed the White Hart Inn,

a travelling chaise drove to the door, in which were two gentlemen in deep mourning. "Look, Emma," said Louisa, "how the poor horses smoke! Is it not cruel to drive them so?" "Very cruel," replied Emma: "I wish mamma saw that wicked man." As they spoke, they stood gazing at the horses. One of the gentlemen at that moment descending, was struck by the looks and attitudes of the children, as their heads were turned towards each other, and each pointed a little rosy finger to the foaming animals, while their eyes beamed infantile compassion. "Whose children are these?" he enquired of the servant. "My mistress's, indeed, Sir," replied Fanny, courtseying. He faintly smiled at this elucidation; to which Emma, encouraged by his apparent good-nature, rejoined, "Yes, we are mamma's own little girls. I am Emma Howard, and this is Louisa Warren." In a moment the stranger caught them both in his arms, and pressed them alternately to his bosom. "This is fortunate," said he. "I was in search of your mamma: lead me to her." "Mamma is very sick," said Emma. "Your papa, then; how is he?" Emma turned aside her head; and Louisa, with an expressive look, held up her black frock, pointed to it; and then throwing her arms round Emma, sobbed violently. Volumes could not have spoken more eloquently than this simple action. The gentleman again raised her in his arms. "Amiable, feeling child!" he exclaimed, "how is it that you are more strongly affected than Emma?" "Because he saved my life," said Louisa, clasping her little hands together, "and I shall never forget it." "Generous Howard! you have, indeed, been a father to my child," ejaculated Warren; for it was he who viewed with exultation his lovely child, and wetted her cheek with his grateful tears. "Indeed, I am sorry, too," said Emma, mournfully; "for I loved my papa dearly." "Sweet image of thy mother," said he, fondly embracing her, "think not I doubt thy affection. But I rejoice to see, even in thy

thy infant bosom, that the feelings of gratitude can equal those of natural affection. My Lord," he then added, turning to the gentleman who stood a silent spectator of this scene, "I shall have no further occasion to trespass on your condescension: to-morrow I will take the liberty of waiting on your Lordship." The Bishop bowed his acquiescence; and Warren, taking each of the children by the hand, led them the way Fanny directed, who repeated, at his desire, the particulars of Mr. Howard's death. His unexpected presence occasioned Eliza extreme agitation; and her embarrassment occasioned him, for a moment, to imagine himself an unwelcome visitor. "You shun me, Mrs. Howard," said he earnestly. "A father's solicitude might be an excuse for this intrusion, if—" He paused, somewhat affected. She approached with her usual affability, and extending her hand, said, "Pardon me, Sir, this temporary weakness: my spirits have suffered some shocks, and I was altogether unprepared for this visit. I could not command my feelings at beholding a person I have long supposed dead!" "Dead!" re-echoed Warren, apparently astonished; but recollecting himself, he added, "I have, indeed, been dangerously ill, and very unpardonably negligent of my friends. Nay, it is probable the letter I dispatched forward to announce my arrival, has not reached you, as it was sent to Howard Lodge. Eliza then shewed him his sister's letter. "I have suffered much," said he, sighing; "and this account is partly true. I will soon explain to you every particular: but first let me return my most heartfelt thanks for your care of my child. Poor innocent, I already find she has been a source of sorrow to you. But you do not love her the less, Mrs. Howard, I hope." Eliza could not conquer her emotion; and, to relieve her, he shortened his visit. The next day he came early; and Eliza wished, yet dreaded, to enquire for Mrs. Warren. A thousand confused ideas perplexed her mind, from which he soon released her, by relating the

the particulars of his journey. "At Brussels," said he, "I overtook the fugitives; and sent a note to Louisa, offering my assistance and protection, if she would return to her friends. To this I received a haughty, insulting answer from Midgeley; to which I replied as my feelings dictated. A challenge succeeded: nor could I refuse it, however militating against the rules of my sacred vocation. We met; and he left me, as he imagined, dead on the field. He returned home, made an immediate package; abused, and even struck, Louisa; and fled the country. I was found by some peasants, who conveyed me to a cottage, whither I was traced by Louisa, who, penetrated with remorse, would not quit me. I reproached her not in words, but my looks expressed my sense of injury. Unhappy woman! the weakness of mind which led her to the commission of error, also rendered her incapable of supporting its consequences. I lingered some time between life and death; during which interval, while my wandering senses led me into audible complaint, despair took possession of her soul, and she rushed from the house in a fit of distraction. Her body was found two days after in the Seine." Warren paused: he had hurried over the narrative in a manner that shewed the anguish he felt. When he found himself capable of articulation, he continued: "all my former affection was revived by this melancholy event. I condemned myself for harshness I should have repressed, and was for a considerable time incapable of writing or speaking rationally. In this state I was accidentally seen by the benevolent Bishop of Wells, who, having some slight knowledge of me, took me under his care, and, by his pious exhortations, strengthened my mind and restored me to a sense of my duties as a man and a Christian. The hope of yet being happy with my child, induced me to return with him to England. But how, amiable Eliza, shall I ever properly repay your goodness to my poor child?" He took her hand, and pressed it between his own; while

his

his warmth brought a glow of confusion upon her hitherto wan cheek. A sudden recollection seemed to rush upon his mind; he let fall her hand, sighed, and hurried to the window to conceal his own trepidation. The entrance of the children was just then seasonable to both. What a train of ideas did that moment give rise to! Warren came punctually every day. He witnessed the growing beauties and accomplishments of his daughter with rapture; and the dawning of affection he had once felt for Eliza, but suppressed in compliance with the dictates of honor, now glowed anew. Once, when he seemed unusually thoughtful, Mrs. Howard, with friendly solicitude, enquired the cause. "I have reason to be sad," said he, "now that I am obliged to relinquish the agreeable society with which I have been lately indulged. I can no longer be absent from my duty. The Bishop, my friend, has cleared my character from every stigma: he wishes me to resume my office directly, and flatters me with the promise of a deanery very soon: but preferment can have few charms for me, while destitute of domestic comfort. Mrs. Howard, dare I say that I once flattered myself with the idea of possessing your esteem; your regard: Was I wrong?"—Mrs. Howard averted her face, for she dared not trust her eyes to meet his. "To what would this conversation lead, Mr. Warren? Consider our situations, Sir, and refrain from expressions which must derogate from the respect due to each other." "Respect, Eliza! Have I then so egregiously deceived myself? Was that the only sentiment I could command from you?" "Whatever my sentiments might once be, Mr. Warren, total indifference on your side could not but make me sensible of my error; even, I say, if"—"Pardon me," cried he, eagerly interrupting her; "I never was, never could be, indifferent. I first beheld you in the respected light of an amiable woman betrothed to the man of her choice. If facts were misrepresented, I was not to blame. I felt a partiality I dared not encourage;

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for I was ignorant that the sensation I experienced could be love, while I imagined that passion was only felt by me for Louisa. Alas! passion, unsanctioned by reason, is incapable of conferring happiness. Excuse my vanity, when I own I fancied I was not indifferent to you; and this suggestion made me rather suspect you of coquetry than a more laudable sentiment; yet I could not suffer you to remain in error, and explained my situation to you, and roused your pride; but your agitation at the disclosure strangely affected me. Not to be tedious, I will only say, that I did not experience with Mrs. Warren all the felicity my sanguine fancy led me to expect. I often thought of you, of your many estimable qualities, which I had, after my marriage, opportunities of discerning: but I stifled my regrets; and respecting my conduct towards Louisa, I have nothing to reproach myself with. We have both sacrificed to duty, Eliza; though your choice was more fortunate than mine: but you have more amply the power of rewarding me; and I trust our mutual happiness will be increased by the arrangement. Mr. Howard has been a father, ah! more than a father, to my child; let me now repay, as far as possible, my vast debt of gratitude, and become a parent to his. Promise but to be mine, dearest Eliza, and I will wait with patience the time you think duty or custom requires." He was silent. His explanation was so satisfactory and candid, that it admitted not of objection; and he succeeded in obtaining from Eliza an acknowledgment of her early attachment, and a promise to become his wife when the period of her mourning should be expired; when he departed satisfied; and all her friends, without being informed, guessed at the plan in agitation.

At the appointed time, Warren returned, accompanied by his father, who highly approved of the proposed union. The party was soon agreeably augmented by the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, Mr. and Mrs. Villars, Sir Tancred and Lady Torpid, and old Mr.

Mr. Franklin, who could not be satisfied without he gave, with his own hand, his beloved niece to his excellent young friend. Eliza was attended to the altar by the two lovely children, while modesty and grace regulated every look and action of the fair bride, who, at the age of five-and-twenty, became a second time a wife. Each admiring friend beheld in her a pattern of female merit, who, in the conscientious discharge of filial, conjugal, and maternal duties, sacrificed the prejudice of inclination, and was ultimately rewarded by the approbation of her own heart, the esteem of the world, and the gratification of her dearest wishes.

The contrast presented in the character of Mrs. Warren, offered an example of the misfortunes likely to attend a confined education; as a beautiful person, when joined to an uncultivated mind, generally proves a disadvantage to the possessor.

Sir Tancred and Lady Torpid are every day examples of habitual folly, which admit of correction by the admonition of judgment, and the exertion of reason.

In Warren we behold a man of strong feelings, and warm passions, restrained by the powerful force of strict integrity, disdaining the common artifice of his sex, that of *engaging affections* which he could not *repay with honor;* deceived in his first selection, betrayed by his own generous confidence, and convinced, by severe experience, that matrimonial felicity is not ensured by personal attractions, or superficial accomplishments, but by the cautious discrimination of prudence, sense, and virtue. When the ceremony was performed, Warren, accompanied by his wife and little family, returned to the rectory; and the friendly party separated each to their respective home. Nor is it to be doubted, that an union, founded on the pure basis of domestic worth, should be crowned with happiness.

E. F.

LATE DUCHESS OF KINGSTON.

THE following little anecdote exhibits, perhaps, as true a trait of the general character of this extraordinary and versatile woman, as can be given.

When she was last at Vienna, she wanted very much to get the confidence and protection of the Emperor, and for this purpose cultivated the acquaintance of an English Gentleman of very respectable knowledge and character, who was much honored with his Imperial Majesty's conversation. One day, in a private conversation with this Gentleman, she was telling him, in a very eloquent and pathetic manner, the whole history of her law-suit in England, which she called a persecution of the most cruel kind, and every now and then dissolved into tears during the narration. The Gentleman, feeling himself very much affected with her story, said every thing he could to console her, and promised in due time to communicate the hardship of her case to the Emperor; when looking at her watch, she in an instant started from her chair, and running towards a window at the lower end of the room, darkened by a long curtain, she began, in the most altered tone of voice, look, and spirits, to cry out, "Old clothes, old clothes, matches, muilk," &c. &c. The Gentleman, thunderstruck with such a metamorphosis of character, thought she was mad, and on that account was running towards the door, when stopping him, she explained with great *sang froid* the occasion of her conduct. "I have got a parrot (says she) behind that curtain, which I am in the habit, at a certain hour, of teaching the cries of London. It is now the time of giving him his lesson, and if I should omit it, (such is the nature of these birds,) I could never gain his attention for the whole day." Saying this, she drew back the curtain, and discovered the parrot just beginning to con over his lesson; which being ended, the Duchess resumed the narration of her persecution in the same tone of voice and distressful manner she first set out with.

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THE ADVENTURES OF A LADY's LAP-DOG.

[Concluded from page 322.]

THE amiable Eliza was not absent more than five minutes, when she returned to conduct her visitors up stairs; and, as I felt anxious to hear Doctor B—'s opinion, I followed them to the room without being perceived.

The sick man was supported upright in his bed with pillows, whilst Mrs. Jenkins was wiping the drops of perspiration from his face, which bore traces of the ravages which disease had made in his constitution, and appeared to me marked with the iron hand of Death. I was convinced the Doctor was of the same opinion the moment he felt his patient's pulse; and the agitated Eliza, who watched every turn of his features, was soon requested to leave the room.

"Well, Doctor," said Mr. Worthington, with a degree of *fortitude* I hardly expected he would feel, "I am sure you think *my race* is *nearly finished*, and that the sand of life has but a few hours to run." "You are, doubtless, very ill, my dear Sir," replied the Doctor; "but I do not *despair* of affording *you* relief; yet we are but agents in the hand of that *Being*, who shortens, or protracts, his creatures' lives! I will instantly order something that shall prove a respite to the pain which I perceive you suffer; and, if your affairs require any arrangement, the sooner you make it, the more easy will be your mind." So saying, he quitted the apartment, desiring Mrs. Jenkins to furnish him with pen and ink.

When we entered the apartment where Miss Worthington was sitting, we found her absolutely bathed in tears; and, upon Doctor B— soothingly imploring her not to yield to apprehension, she besought him candidly to let her *know* her *fate;* informing him, she thought the most dreadful certainty would be preferable to the wretched situation of her mind.

"I will not attempt to deceive you," replied the Doctor, "by saying he is not in danger," taking her affectionately by the hand; "but Providence, my dear young lady, has often permitted the recovery of those whom I have thought as alarmingly ill! You must endeavor to suppress this emotion, or you must not be permitted to enter the room; for I am going to prescribe a medicine which may possibly relieve him; but it will be necessary that his mind is kept perfectly composed; and recollect with how much *fortitude* you acted, when you had the misery of losing a mother, by whom, I may say, you were absolutely adored!"

"Oh, *that blow* was the very *climax* of *wretchedness!*" said Eliza, clasping her hands as she spoke. "Much as I dread the loss of my father, it appears light in comparison of that fatal stroke! But," continued she, "I will endeavor to conquer this agitation, that he may not be able to discover my fears. Then requesting Jenkins to bring her a glass of water, she immediately began bathing her eyes.

In less than half an hour Mr. Lambert joined us, who, after informing his fair cousin, that her father was inclined to sleep, implored her to try and obtain the same refreshment, promising to call her, if there was the slightest change. It was in vain that he used every argument that tenderness and anxiety could possibly suggest, for she remained immoveable in her determination of not attempting to take any rest. "How can you suppose," said she, "that I will leave a father whom, perhaps, I shall have the happiness of possessing but a few hours? Or how can you think I could close my eyes in *slumber*, whilst his may in a few moments be for ever closed in *death!*" On saying this, she quitted the apartment, and softly stole towards her father's room.

As soon as she was gone, the Doctor asked my master whether the sick man had settled his affairs, assuring him, that he thought it very probable he might not live throughout the night. "Yes," replied

my master, "every thing was settled before our arrival; except *that* of my becoming *guardian* to the sweet girl who has just quitted the room; and whose person and fortune, I assure you, Doctor, I would defend even at the hazard of my life: for you may suppose I have had an opportunity of knowing something of human nature, but I never beheld a character which I so completely admired."

Two hours passed without any intelligence arriving from the sick chamber. The gentlemen had supped, and the Doctor was retiring to bed, when Jenkins entered with an alarmed countenance, exclaiming, she believed her master was dead! I was too much interested for the amiable Eliza, not to follow her friends into the room, and was shocked at beholding her death-like countenance, pallid with apprehension, and completely fixed by fear. The windows were thrown open, the curtains widened, and a variety of volatiles instantly applied, and in less than five minutes we perceived symptoms of existence, for the alarm had merely been occasioned by a *fit*. To describe the transition in Eliza's countenance, which this unexpected renovation made, would require a pen capable of delineating that exquisite sensibility which directed her actions, and animated her breast. Contrary, even to the Doctor's expectation, the medicine he had ordered produced a wonderful effect; and in a short time after he regained the use of his faculties, the sick man fell into a refreshing sleep. Though much was to be hoped from its restoring influence, Doctor B— did not attempt to repress Eliza's fears; knowing that hope once excited, if succeeded by disappointment, always augments the severity of distress. A sleep, however, of five hours, without the slightest interruption, united to the effect of a prescription which had entirely removed the pain, so completely altered the patient's appearance, that the most flattering hopes began to be entertained. The Doctor's numerous engagements in London prevented him from staying long after Mr.

W—'s amendment; but as he thoroughly understood the nature of the disorder, Mr. Lambert promised to write by every post.

In the course of the next day the physicians who attended him, gave Miss Worthington the pleasing intelligence that they thought all danger past; and never was satisfaction more pleasingly delineated than in the grateful joy which Eliza displayed. The moment she was made acquainted with the gratifying circumstance, she hastily retired to her own room, and poured out her thankful heart in grateful praises to that Being, who had so unexpectedly preserved her father's life.

My attention had been so much occupied in observing the filial solicitude of Miss Worthington, that I scarcely thought of my master for some days; but when my mind was no longer busied upon the old gentleman's recovery, I began to think there was something warmer in Mr. Lambert's manner than friendship generally inspires; and could not help seeing, that when he was unobserved by Eliza, his eyes were constantly fixed upon her face. Though I thought there was rather too great a disparity of years between them, (for I am sure he must have been near forty, and she was not more than nineteen,) I could not help wishing that the idea his conduct had excited, might in a short time be realized; for I saw there was a great degree of similarity in their disposition, and I was sure that each felt for the other the liveliest esteem.

As soon as Mr. Worthington was sufficiently recovered to be able to make any exertion, he wrote a letter to the Minister, declining the office he was to have filled, offering, as an excuse for so doing, the very precarious state of his health, and informing him, that Doctor B— had advised him to spend the ensuing winter at Bath. The moment Mr. W— proposed taking his family into Somersetshire, my master offered to accompany him there; assigning as a reason, that he was fearful his relation might have a relapse from the effect of fatigue. Whatever were the motives, it

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was evident that Eliza had not the slightest objection to the scheme; yet I could not help observing, with astonishment, that she had lost that vivacity which made her so generally admired; and that, though she seemed to feel pleasure in Mr. Lambert's society, yet, if they were ever *together* without a third person, she was unusually grave. Her father attributed this alteration to the fatigue and anxiety which she had so recently endured; and the moment they arrived at Bath, insisted upon her partaking of those amusements which he thought likely to restore her spirits again.

Instead of this plan answering the purpose that was intended, every species of amusement appeared productive of fatigue; and she seemed to have more pleasure in my caresses, than in all the different entertainments her father wished her to see. As she had never before been at this fashionable resort of beauty, she was doubly attractive to all the loungers; for being entirely *new*, her charms were not diminished in the eyes of those gentlemen, by their knowing that her father was extremely rich.

Amongst the number of gentlemen who were evidently anxious to obtain her good opinion, was one whose fortune and connections might entitle him to her hand, and whose respectful method of endeavoring to ensure her approbation could not fail of procuring her esteem. Mr. Somerville was at least ten years younger than my master, and was his superior in personal attractions, if inferior to those of the mental kind; and I very soon discovered that the latter observed his increasing intimacy with a degree of envy and mortification which he was unable to conceal. Mr. Worthington, it was evident, encouraged his attentions; and they did not seem to displease the object to whom they were addressed, who in his society recovered that vivacity which always vanished when Mr. Lambert appeared.

About six weeks after the commencement of this acquaintance, Mr. Somerville made a formal declara-

tion of his regard, and was both shocked and mortified at finding the object of his affection decidedly reject the offer of his hand. Her father, who always believed she was partial to Mr. Somerville, was extremely astonished at the decision she had made; but as he determined not to biass her in a matter of such moment, very little upon the subject, on *either* side, *was said*. My master was no sooner made acquainted with this intelligence, than I perceived pleasure and satisfaction sparkle in his eyes; and he instantly declared the ardor of his attachment, to complete the effect of his relation's surprise. Mr. Worthington told him he should rejoice to have him for a son-in-law. "But, my good fellow," said he, "I fear my girl is too young: and, to tell you the truth, I begin to imagine she has a few of the caprices which belong to her sex! Why, who could have thought of her *refusing* that handsome dog Somerville, after his offering to settle every farthing I should give upon herself! However," continued he, "I promised her poor mother never to exert any authority in these affairs; but I know she will prove a *treasure* to the man who possesses her, for a more amiable creature does not live."

To this tribute of parental fondness my master's sentiments accorded; and he easily obtained permission to express the feelings of his heart to the only object who had ever inspired it with lively tenderness, and for whom, before he was aware of his sensations, he felt the most affectionate regard.

I know not whether it was from motives of curiosity, or from the interest I took in the amiable Eliza's affairs, but I could not help feeling disappointed when my master prevented me from following him out of the room. It is impossible to describe the anxiety with which I waited to hear the issue of the conversation which was to decide my master's fate, who promised to return to Mr. Worthington in half an hour, and inform him whether *happiness*, or *misery*, was to be his doom! Half an hour elapsed, and five others added

added to it, and no *disconsolate* or *happy lover appeared*, when Mr. Worthington, finding his patience exhausted, determined not to wait any longer for the news.

My master's countenance was too expressive of refinement and felicity, for Mr. Worthington to entertain a doubt of his success; and clapping him on the shoulder, he enquired whether he had *forgotten* his promise, of coming to him *again* in half an hour?"

"Though I forgot my engagement, my dear Sir," said he, "I shall never forget the *gratitude* which the ingenuous conduct of your amiable Eliza has inspired, who, superior to the little arts which her sex too often practise, has confessed that I am not indifferent to her heart; and I have only to hope that you will have the goodness to sanction that contract which, in the presence of Heaven, we have reciprocally made!"

"God grant that it may be for your mutual happiness," replied the old gentleman, wiping the tear of parental tenderness from his eyes. "But if ever you abuse the confidence my Eliza has reposed in you, may the Almighty embitter every moment of your life!"

Eliza used her utmost influence to delay the marriage, in compliment to the memory of Mrs. Lambert, to the end of the year; but her father appeared no less eager to promote its celebration, than the being by whom she was so deservedly adored. "You are young enough, to be sure, my dear girl," said he jocosely; "but Lambert has the advantage of you many years, and life is too short to trifle away in foolish customs, which are really a disgrace to common sense. Had he been atttached to his wife, or had she *deserved* that *attention* from *him*, I should have admired that delicacy which induces you to wish for delay. *I*, for my part, ought to have married at least twenty years sooner; and as I see the folly of not having done so, I will have my way"

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The ceremony was accordingly performed in three months after the declaration; and it was determined that the new married pair should immediately set out for Wales, when I had the supreme happiness of accompanying them, and visiting every spot that was thought worthy to be seen. At the expiration of four months, they returned to Mr. Worthington's, and from thence proceeded to their country seat, where they were received with those lively testimonies of satisfaction which resulted from a knowledge of their many virtuous deeds; and where I now close my adventures, and hope to have the happiness of ending my life.

AN INTERESTING ANECDOTE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THE Czar Ivan, Emperor of Russia, who reigned about the middle of the sixteenth century, was no less admired for the unbiassed manner in which he administered justice, than he was *beloved* for the benevolence of his heart. Though it was impossible for the Czar to drive poverty from his dominions, yet the industrious and the unfortunate might always depend upon his care; and he frequently used to conceal his greatness under the garb of misery, for the purpose of discovering objects who were really distressed.

One day he was resolved to try the disposition of his subjects, and see how far they were inclined to afford their fellow-creatures relief: for this purpose he dressed himself in tattered apparel, and sallied out into the street. He walked to a village, a short distance from Moscow, and told a piteous tale at almost every door; but the distress he feigned made no impression upon the inhabitants, and not one of them had humanity enough to give him the least relief. Full of indignation at the barbarity of their conduct, he was just going to quit the place, when he perceived a solitary cottage, more humble in appearance than any

any of those at which he had begged. To this humble habitation he bent his footsteps, and knocked with apparent humility at the door, which was immediately opened by the possessor, who, in a tone of kindness, enquired what he wanted, or with whom he wished to speak.

"I am almost dying with fatigue and hunger," said the Emperor, "and implore you to give me a lodging for the night." "Alas!" replied the peasant, "you will have but poor fare with us; for, my friend, you are come at an unlucky time, as my poor wife is in labor, and I doubt you will not be able to sleep. But come in; for you will at least be sheltered from the weather; and such as I can give you, you shall be welcome to eat."

The delighted Czar entered the little dwelling; and the first objects that struck him were two children in a cradle asleep; another, about three years old, was lying upon an old rug near them; and two others, a little older, were upon their knees, praying to the Almighty to *preserve* their *mother*, whose complaining voice they heard from an inner room.

"Sit down," said the peasant, "and I will go and get something for your supper; for I have not any thing in the house." He soon returned with some eggs, brown bread, and honey, of which he begged the Emperor would freely eat.—"My heart," continued he, "is too full to eat at present; for I feel too much for the sufferings of my beloved wife!"

"Your charity and hospitality," replied the Emperor, "must bring down blessings upon your head; and I am sure *God* will reward such goodness!" "Pray to God, my good friend, that my wife may be preserved to me," said the peasant, "for that is all I wish for in this world." "And is that *all* you *wish* for to make you *happy*?" enquired his august visitor. "All I wish for!" he rejoined.—Ah! judge for yourself: I have five fine children; a wife who loves me tenderly; a father and mother, both in good health; and my labor is sufficient to maintain them all!" "But

"But your cottage is too small for comfort," said the Czar. "I find it *large enough;* for it contains us all," replied the man. In a short time after this conversation, this contented being's happiness was made complete; his wife was safe; another son was born, and the delighted parent presented the infant to his royal guest. "Look, look!" said he, "this is the *sixth* she has brought me! What a *fine child* it is! May God preserve him, as he has done my others!" The Czar, affected at the domestic scene, took the infant from its fond parent's arms, and looking in its face, declared he saw marks of *future greatness* depictured in his features. The peasant smiled at the prediction, and soon after the happy family retired to rest. Their beds were merely made of straw; and the ruler of the great Russian empire stretched himself upon a floor of earth. The peasant and his innocent little ones soon fell into a profound sleep; whilst the Czar, unaccustomed to such a resting-place, set upright, contemplating the scene around him with surprize!

The peasant, as he was accustomed, awoke at the break of day, when the Emperor informed him he must return to Moscow; but begged he might be *godfather* to the *child*, who, as was the custom of the country, was to be christened in the course of the day. "I will be with you," said the Emperor, "in the space of a few hours. But promise me to wait; and, during my absence, I will mention the treatment I have received to a benevolent, kind-hearted man, who, I am sure, will be your friend." The peasant promised, and kept his word; but, as his expected guest did not return within the time he named, the christening could not be delayed, when, just as they were setting out for church, the Emperor's body guards were seen preceding several elegant equipages, and followed by the Emperor himself! The peasant, of course, could not recognize his humble guest in the suberb habiliments of the prince, and was petrified with astonishment

ment at observing the splendid retinue draw up before his humble dwelling. The Czar stepped out, and taking the infant from its father's arms, said, "I promised you a godfather this morning, and now I am going to fulfil my word. Yesterday *you* performed the duties of *humanity*; *to-day* I am come to fulfil the most delightful duty of a sovereign—that of *rewarding* virtue. I will not remove you from a situation to which you do so much honor, and the innocence and tranquillity which I envy; but I will bestow upon you such things as shall add to your felicity. You shall have numerous flocks, rich pastures, and a house that will enable you to exercise the duties of hospitality! Your new-born child shall become my ward; for you may remember, that *I prophecied* he *would* be *fortunate*."

The happy father could not express his joy, but tears of gratitude ran down his cheeks, and spoke more favorably than words. The Emperor himself was quite affected, and so were all who beheld the pleasing sight. As soon as the christening was over, the child was restored to the arms of its delighted mother, but with orders from the Czar, that, as soon as it was old enough to be weaned, it should be nursed under his immediate care; and accordingly it was sent to the palace, where it received the advantage of an excellent education, and where the Emperor's prognostic at his birth was completely fulfilled: for he was, at a proper period, placed at the head of one of the first departments in the empire, which he filled with advantage to society, and honor to himself.

ANECDOTE OF VANDYKE.

THE Countess Dowager of Exeter had no eyebrows—to conform to a vicious taste that would have been miserable to have seen the *status rei*, Vandyke put a gauze veil over the forehead of her picture, and the hem of it concealed, what is called, the defect of nature.

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THE CONSCIOUS RIVALS.

A NARRATIVE.

DURING the winter of 1797, a regiment was quartered at a principal town in the west of England, amongst the officers of which was a gentleman whose real name must be concealed under that of Dudley: he was a young man of family, figure, address, and merit; as such, consequently welcomed in the best circles, and generally admired. The daughter of an opulent gentleman in the neighbourhood attracted his particular notice. Augusta Lansdowne was beautiful, her manners pleasing, and character unblemished. His honorable addresses were approved by the lady, and encouraged by her family; and constant intercourse produced sincere affection on both sides. After the customary preliminaries, the day was appointed for their union, but at the distant period of two months, during which time the Captain was unremitting in his attentions, till an incident occurred, which occasioned a fatal interruption to their arrangements. Returning one morning from paying a benevolent visit to an invalid of his company, he had not got many paces from the poor man's hut, when he perceived on the ground a small silk pocket-book: the strings were untied; and, as he carelessly raised it, the contents fell out, and, as he tried to replace them, he strongly felt his curiosity excited to a more minute inspection. Several well-executed medallion landscapes claimed his admiration. A ring, curiously wrought with silk and gold thread, with the simple motto, *N'oublier pas Acte*, claimed a tribute of approbation. Nor could he resist the culpable temptation of opening a folded paper, in which he found a neatly worked ornament for a watch-case: the device was executed with rich brown hair on a white satin ground, representing Cupid blind-folded, aiming at a heart, placed on the altar of Friendship; beside which the goddess herself

herself stood, with the shield of Virtue resisting the flying darts: beneath was inscribed,

Blind Archer, vain your efforts prove;
Friendship repels the shaft of Love.

"A Sapho, by Heaven!" cried Dudley, laughing to himself. Painting!—Poetry!—Sure the Muses are bewitched! He turned the paper, when he beheld written with a pencil,

Love is a traitor, I assure you;
He'll coax you first, and then secure you:
All smiles the wily rogue appears,
Smiles which too soon may change to tears.
Then shun the———

"Confound the thing!" cried he. "Here is neither wit nor erudition in this bagatelle; yet I should like to know the end of it. Friendship, too, embodied! a new conceit. But why not bear a form perceptible, as well as Love? It is well pourtrayed too; the writing elegant. It must be the performance of a well-educated woman. Augusta is highly accomplished; but in the routine of fashion, she neglects such simply amusing talents as give charms to domestic society. Who can this little repertorium of taste belong to!" As he was speaking, he retraced his steps to the cottage: the soldier's wife was at the door. "Bless your Honor," cried she, as her eye glanced on the pocket-book: "Where did you get that? As sure as eggs are eggs, it is the very same that Miss Anna gave me a seven-shilling piece out of just now." "Very possibly, dame," returned Dudley; for I have just found it. But pray who is Miss Anna?" "Law, Sir," replied the dame, why I wash for her. But, poor thing! she must be at a sad loss now: though, to be sure, she did seem mortal sorry when she heard as my good man was ill. She comes and sees us every day, and has paid a month's washing in advance; for she will not let a body touch tub while John is sick, for fear

he should be neglected. Bless her, I say." "But who is this Lady Bountiful?" again demanded the Captain. "Why only, Sir, as a body may say—But, sure enough, talk of the Devil—God forgive me, there she comes. Do, pray ye, Sir, tell her all about it. She may think I have had it—Now, do ye"—Captain Dudley was almost convulsed with laughter at the good woman's solution; but soon checking himself, he turned to the lady, and, with the seriousness of politeness, said, "I have been fortunate enough to find this, Madam; and am informed it belongs to you." She received it with an expression of thankfulness; and he was as much pleased with her manner as with her face; than which he had never beheld one more lovely. Calling all due military assurance to his aid, he turned down the lane with her, and, with archness, regulated by respect, hinted at what he had accidentally seen; attributing her choice of subject more to fancy than sentiment. She parried his raillery with pleasantry, and was lively without being forward; and the chat was agreeably prolonged till she stopped at the door of a stationary and toy-shop. "Are you going to make a purchase?" asked Dudley. "I reside here, Sir," was her answer. She then repeated her thanks, and wished him a good morning. Dudley was a little chagrined, bowed silently, and withdrew; but rested not till he obtained a full account from the old woman at the cottage, that Anna Mellington was the orphan daughter of a London tradesman, who dying insolvent, had left his only child almost wholly dependent upon a maiden-aunt, who kept the toy-shop; but that, by her own industry and talents, she contrived to lessen the weight of obligation; adding, that she lived very retired, and was much esteemed. From that day Captain Dudley was a constant customer at the shop. When Anna took a rural walk, he always contrived to meet and accompany her; and, without reflecting what he was about, insinuated himself into her favor to a degree dangerous to her peace. Till then Anna had ever

ever timidly shrunk from the idea of love; and even now that she felt the growing prepossession, without any positive declaration on his side of attachment, it would have betrayed consciousness to have declined his polite and pleasing attentions: yet, while she thought herself justified in believing he regarded her with tenderness, she forgot the insuperable barrier fortune had placed between them, and yielded her warm ingenuous heart to a fatal passion. Miss Lansdowne, however, was not long before she observed the change in her lover's sentiments. She was ardently attached to Dudley; and his increasing neglect affected her deeply. Caroline, her maid, soon revealed to her the afflicting truth. "Why, dear me, Ma'am," said she at the morning's toilet, "who would have thought the Captain like the rest of his vile *sect*, to leave what's proper, and take up with trumpery?" "What do you mean, girl?" cried Augusta, reddening. "Mean, Ma'am; why, my stars! don't you know that Captain Dudley is always flirting about with that pretty moppet at Mrs. Brown's, who works needle-work, and draws, and writes verses, and such stuff, to impose on other folks?" "You are quite ridiculous, Caroline! See how wretchedly you are patching my rouge on! How can *her* doing those things impose on others?" "Why, to be sure, Ma'am, as you'r such a *genus*, you don't want nothing that way; but you see some fine ladies buys them, and pays a high price too, and then fobs 'em off for their own." Miss Lansdowne smiled. "So, Caroline, you must make the girl out guilty at all events. Come, give me my cloak; and I will see this formidable rival." Caroline obeyed with alacrity, and secretly thought she would give a shilling to witness the meeting.

Anna was in the shop when Miss Lansdowne entered, and attentively waited her commands. She selected a variety of articles. At length she said, looking earnestly in the face of Anna, "I am commissioned by a gentleman to purchase him a handsome purse:

I wish it to be elegant and appropriate. Ah, there is an unfinished one: will you be so good as to complete it, and send it directed to Captain Dudley?" The changing countenance of Anna betrayed her emotion; for that purse was intended by her as a simple offering to the object of her affections. "It is not for sale, Madam," said she, falteringly. Augusta readily penetrated the truth; but concealed her chagrin, by giving a fresh order, and quitted the shop. But the first time she saw Dudley, her indignation could not be restrained. Her accusations opened his eyes to the impropriety of his own conduct; he was sensible he had behaved ungenerously to her; and the only atonement in his power to make, he would have been almost tempted to offer, but for the haughty, though just, resentment of Augusta, who would not then listen to any concession. When Miss Lansdowne left the shop, Anna made enquiry of a person there concerning her, and heard, with indescribable anguish, that she was the betrothed wife of Captain Dudley: an eligible and agreeable match!! In the agony of the moment she hastened to her chamber, and wrote the following note:

"SIR,

"Perhaps I am guilty of an unpardonable breach of propriety in thus addressing you; but when I presume to remind you, that my fame and peace are placed in competition with a point of etiquette, I think I shall be exculpated from any charge, but such as fastiduousness may alledge against me. It is now impossible for me to mistake your views in visiting me; and your engagements elsewhere demand that those visits should cease; my happiness, and your honor, require it. Forbear, then, Sir, to revive, by your presence, ideas which should never have been cherished. I return you all your professions, and forgive the indiscretion by which you have almost involved me in misery. Pay to Miss Lansdowne undivided homage and affection. Your felicity shall ever be the sincere wish of

"ANNA MELLINGTON.

On the receipt of this, the distracted Dudley flew to her, urged his love in vehement terms; and vowed, that though honor might enforce his marriage with Miss Lansdowne, she alone possessed his affections. He soothed her unconcealed distress with every endearment tenderness could devise, and, in the confusion of the moment, disclosed views which filled her with alarm. Innate virtue, supported by an excellent understanding, and a liberal education, gave her an instantaneous triumph over the weakness of her heart; and she pointed out to him, in such energetic and pathetic terms, the injury he designed her, that he felt abashed at the implied insult. Yet passion again overpowered reason; again he transgressed, and Anna indignantly commanded him to leave her. Convinced of her virtue, yet despairing of obtaining an object still more dear to him, as more worthy of his love, he formed a hasty resolve, which, in the phrenzy of the moment, he executed, after having written two letters, the first of which contained these words:

"MADAM,

"When I first solicited the honor of your hand, my heart was sensible of your merits, and rested on you for perfect happiness, without one estrayed wish; yet my evil destiny, or my own caprice, (for I seek not to palliate my offence,) has decreed otherwise. I have dared to love another: yet, Madam, do yourself the justice to believe, that no unworthy passion has drawn me from your attractions. The object of my truant love is not less beauteous, less amiable, than yourself. After this avowal, it is impossible that I should fulfil my engagements with you; though I will never insult you by marrying another while you remain single. No, Augusta, I will quit my country. Absence may effect many changes: at any rate, I shall acquire a more powerful knowledge of my own sentiments; at present, they are agitated and bewildered. It is in conformity with my ideas of honor and justice that I

make this sacrifice. I have already written to a friend, on the point of embarkation for Egypt, to exchange commissions, and have no doubt of his concurrence. But if any of your friends conceive my conduct dishonorable towards you, I am ready to answer to their claims with my sword or fortune. And now, Madam, permit me, in truth, to add, that the purest regard for you regulates my conduct. Amiable as I know you to be, I could feel nothing but self-reproach and abhorrence, were I to deceive you into an union which every sentiment of integrity must now forbid. I have not the vanity to suppose your affections irrevocably fixed on me: bestow then your hand on one who can bring you an undivided heart; but never will you find one more capable of appreciating your excellence than, Madam, your sincere friend, and humble servant,

EDWARD DUDLEY."

To Miss Mellington, after a severe struggle with his feelings, he wrote thus:

"How shall I address you, dearest Anna? After the many injuries I have heaped on you, how describe the sensation I experience at bidding you, perhaps, an eternal farewell? Disdain not this last memorial of my unhappy love. It is true I must see you no more; yet my heart will never, never lose your image. You direct my attentions to Miss Lansdowne; yet never, Anna, shall you say that I meanly sought to win your affections, and basely left you to wed another; sooner may I perish. Yes, that is my only alternative: in a foreign country I will waste my sorrows, or bury them in an honorable grave: for while Augusta Lansdowne is opposed in my heart by Anna Mellington, peace can know no empire there. Were either less amiable, I might be more happy. As it is, I must fly. At my return, I may find Augusta the wife of another: or you, Anna, may have cause to regard the wretched, but ever faithful,

EDWARD DUDLEY.

P. S. I have enclosed your cruel note to Miss Lansdowne, that she may not form an unworthy idea of my soul's best idol. Forgive the breach of trust, Anna: I shall offend no more."

These words of the unfortunate Dudley were, indeed, prophetic; for within two months after his landing, he fell on the fatal plains of Alexandria. Miss Lansdowne was inconsolable, and, notwithstanding her lover's desertion, assumed the deepest mourning habit; while the retiring sorrows of Anna shrunk from every eye. Yet calamity accumulated on her defenceless head; for her infirm aunt fell into a lingering and expensive illness, during which their little property was expended; and at her death Anna was almost destitute of the means of support, and would have sunk beneath her misery, but for the generous attention of Miss Lansdowne, who first secretly administered to her sorrows, and then openly declared her intention of becoming her friend. "One only idea," said she to her, "engrosses my mind. We mourn one object; let us then in his grave bury every selfish thought, and live but for each other. My fortune is ample, yet it affords me no comfort; share it with me, and it will become valuable. Our very sorrows will seem consolations when mutually participated. Can you disdain prejudice, and be my friend? One then will engross our conversation: this loved portrait (shewing a picture of Edward) shall become our mutual idol, and we will erect to his memory a little urn, which shall commemorate our misfortune and our friendship." Anna, astonished at her enthusiastic generosity, could not withstand the tempting solicitation, to water the imaginary grave of Dudley with her tears: to gaze daily on his beloved resemblance, to hear his name continually pronounced, would be a mournful satisfaction: and she beheld Miss Lansdowne no longer as a rival, but as her dearest friend. "Yes," said she, grasping her hand, "you have, indeed, re-

called me to existence: we will never separate, and the shade of Dudley will approve and bless our union." Romantic as this arrangement might seem, it was put in execution: but the painful depression which Anna sometimes felt at being dependant on the bounty of Miss Lansdowne, was soon after removed, by the knowledge that Dudley had bequeathed his fortune to be divided between them. This bequest of love cemented stronger the bond of friendship: they continued to reside together. Anna shared with Augusta a lock of hair which she had once, in innocent sport, taken from the temple of Dudley, and, in return, obtained a copy of his admired resemblance from her friend. The hallowed shrine reared by faithful love was daily decorated by some elegant and mournful insignia of sorrow; and beneath the spreading cypress which shaded the melancholy sacred spot, they vowed eternal celibacy and endless friendship; forming a striking example of female fidelity, and exalted sentiment, which could overcome every foolishly-cherished weakness of the sex, and mitigate each other's sorrows by participation, proving exalted patterns of disinterested friendship, and unequalled fidelity.

E. F.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MUSEUM.

I CONFESS it has often astonished me, that, in a country where feeling and refinement prevails, some plan has not been adopted, to prevent our sex from monopolizing several different branches of trade, which would not only afford bread to a numerous body of industrious females, but would ultimately tend to the diminution of vice.

How many unfortunate young women are there brought up in the lap of indulgence, that would rejoice at being able to procure a genteel support, who absolutely

lately find it impossible to obtain employment, by having the offices they are fit for completely filled by a parcel of puppies, who ought to earn their living by *exertion*, instead of idly wasting their time in counting out *needles* and *pins!* A man who really deserves the appellation, can scarcely go into a single shop in the Metropolis, without finding his indignation roused by seeing those who scarcely bear the form and figure of manhood, filling occupations which, in fact, become its disgrace; whilst many of the softer sex are exposed to the hardships of bad weather, and dragging a large band-box through the streets!

Artificial florists, *men-milliners*, and *stay-makers*, I consider as absolute innovators upon the female rights; and as a punishment for robbing them of their natural employments, I would destine them to two years hard labor on board the hulks. Does it not call forth your contempt, to see a fellow six feet high, occupied in measuring out ribbands and gauze; perfumed out like a lady going to the drawing-room, and mincing out his words as if he had not been taught to speak? How often have I wished to have such coxcombs under my dominion, when the wind was blowing a rough gale! What delight should I have in seeing them scramble up the main-shrouds, whilst their delicate hands were blistered in attempting to unfurl the sails!

Yet do not suppose that I am deficient in humanity, or that my heart is insensible to the voice of distress; nor imagine that I should feel pleasure in exercising undue authority over those beings who are placed under my care; no, never has it been said that Captain Fearless behaved like a *tyrant* on board his *ship!* But my indignation against those monopolizers of feminine occupations, is occasioned by a circumstance that occurred the other night, which I shall relate, as a caution to those who have young females under their protection, in the hope of preventing them from being exposed to the insults of the street.

As

As I was walking near the Pantheon last Saturday evening, between the hours of seven and eight, a young woman passed me, carrying a basket made in the form of a blackbird's cage. I could not help being struck with the beauty of her countenance, as she overtook me near a shop which was highly illumed: but what peculiarly called forth my attention was, that I perceived her face was bathed in tears. Her dress corresponded with the dejection of her features; for her mourning was extremely deep; and I felt an irresistible desire to know the cause of her affliction; though I was fearful of alarming her, if I attempted to speak. I had not followed her many paces, when a gentleman accosted her with, "Shall *I* carry your burden, my dear?" and looking in her face, he exclaimed, "Good God, what an angel! My sweetest girl, for Heaven's sake tell me where you live!" "I implore you to leave me, Sir," said she, in a voice of trepidation; at the same time endeavoring to quicken her pace. "Leave you!" continued he, at the same time putting his arm round her. "No, my divinity, no; I am determined to see you safe; for such an angel as you are, never was intended to be carrying caps and bonnets up and down the streets!" "I am unaccustomed, Sir," said she, "to this kind of conversation; and I beg and entreat that you will retire. The lady whom I waited upon unfortunately detained me, or I should not have been out at this unseasonable hour."

"By Heavens," he again exclaimed, "I absolutely *adore you;* and never will quit you whilst I have life. Let me conduct you, my sweet girl, to a place of security, where I can throw myself and fortune at your feet. Come," continued he, attempting to draw her towards him, "let me call a coach, and attend you to St. James's Square. There you shall reign sole mistress of my destiny; and I will instantly make you a settlement of five hundred a year!"

"Unhand me, Sir, this instant," said she, with virtuous indignation, attempting to push the monster from

from her side. "No," continued he, grasping her, "I will not part from you. Come, my reluctant fair one, I must say you are my wife;" and coming up to a stand, he forcibly detained her, and loudly demanded a hackney coach.

From the moment he had accosted her, I had determined to be her protector, in case he was troublesome, or she required any aid; but as I had been struck with her appearance, I had felt anxious to discover whether her mind corresponded with the sweetness of her face. As I always carry a stick large enough to defend my person, no sooner did I hear the call of the coach, than I gave my St. James's Square gentleman such an unexpected stroke upon his cranium, as brought the hero prostrate to the ground; and leaving him to the attention of Jehu, who had at that moment driven up to the side of the pavement, I took the terrified young creature under my arm; telling her, I was the father of a family, and would not leave her until I placed her under the protection of her friends.

Though she trembled so violently that I could scarcely support her, I could not persuade her to get into a coach. But we had not proceeded many yards, when she entreated me to leave her, saying, she was within a few doors of home. This request, however, I did not choose to comply with; as I determined to make her mistress acquainted with the danger from which she had escaped; and fortunate it was; for just as we reached the habitation, her strength and spirits entirely failed; and had I not caught her just as she was sinking, she would have fallen down upon the steps. As I bore her in my arms, I perceived two or three strapping fellows, rolling up ribbands, and putting away caps, who, instead of coming forward to assist the unfortunate, said, with the utmost indifference, "Oh, she has had another fit!"

I have always found that the man who wants *courage* and *magnanimity*, is destitute of all those virtues which do honor to his race; for cowardice is generally accompanied

companied by that selfishness of conduct, which arises from contraction of ideas, and terminates in disgrace. The apathetic indifference which these contemptible beings testified, completely convinced me of the justness of the remark; and it was with some difficulty I could restrain the emotions of resentment which their unfeeling behaviour raised.

As I conveyed my senseless burden into a back parlor, I desired the mistress of the house might be called, who instantly attended the summons I gave her, and really appeared very much alarmed. "Surely, Madam," said I, not in the softest accent, "such a young creature as *this* ought not to be exposed to the insults of the street at *this hour! I* probably have had the happiness of saving her from *ruin*; for a wretch was attempting to *force* her into a coach; and the terror that act of violence occasioned, reduced her to the dreadful state you behold."

"I am shocked, Sir," she replied, "at what you tell me; but a circumstance of this nature never occurred before. Our porter is ill, or I assure you my young ladies never are suffered to go out alone; and I asked one of the shopmen to accompany Miss Nesbit, but they are not very fond of going out."

A flood of tears restored that suspension of sensation which alarm and apprehension had produced, and prevented me from replying to what the lady had said, who, after giving Miss Nesbit a glass of hartshorn and water, advised her immediately to go to bed. Independent of the emotion this unfortunate young woman had excited, there was something that particularly interested me in her *name;* and as soon as she retired, I requested her mistress to inform me who were her parents, and from whence she came?

"Miss Nesbit," said she, "Sir, is the daughter of a captain in the navy, who I believe lived up to the whole of the fortune he possessed, in consequence of which, his widow and children were left in very straightened circumstances at his death. A lady, who had

had long been in habits of intimacy with the family, offered to place the eldest daughter under my care; but she feels the change in her situation so very severely, that I do not believe the poor thing will live; for if she is obliged to sit late at work, or any thing happens to affect her, it always occasions one of those shocking fainting fits."

"Then surely, Madam," I replied, "knowing that circumstance, you ought never to have suffered her to go out alone at such an hour; for you must be aware that so much beauty would be exposed to the insults both of the licentious and the profane; and if your porter was not able to have accompanied her, some of those idle young men might have supplied his place."

"In a large department, Sir," said my facetious controvertist, "each individual have their separate employ; and it certainly is not a part of their business to have any thing to do with the sale of caps."

"It is the *business* of every *man*, Madam," said I, with a degree of asperity, "to protect that sex who are *incapable* of *protecting themselves*; and that man who is capable of *defending* his *country*, will feel it a duty incumbent on him to defend the fair!" So saying, I made my bow to the lady of the mansion, and sallied forth into the street.

Previous to my having requested a sketch of the young lady's history, I had conceived she was the daughter of an old ship-mate; and the moment I heard it, I knew my conjecture was well-founded, and determined, if possible, to prove myself her friend. My wife consented to the proposal I made her, which was, to receive the amiable girl into our house; and, to prevent the possibility of her feeling herself dependent, we resolved that she should have the pleasure of knowing she was of use; for as my good woman's health will not permit her to superintend the cares of her family, Miss Nesbit has undertaken our domestic affairs, and I have the satisfaction of knowing I contribute to the comfort and happiness of a brother officer's child.

Friday, Oct. 29th. FRANK FEARLESS.

THE JUVENILE MONITOR.

BY EDWIN.

NO. II.

ON HARVEST.

———Think, oh, grateful think,
How good the God of Harvest is to you,
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields.

THE man who cannot hold a friendly correspondence with his own heart, who dreads the hour of retirement, and those anxious moments when serious thoughts intrude upon his imagination, who derives no comfort from retrospect and contemplation, is incapacitated from enjoying the most placid and amiable pleasures of the soul. To such I write not; but rather dedicate the juvenile efforts of my pen to those, who can calmly deliberate upon the changes and chances of the world, who can extract good from evil, and meditate with religious satisfaction upon the wonders of creation.

If we survey the inconceivable variableness and beauty by which the animal and vegetable kingdoms are characterised, and consider the boundless immensity of our globe; whether we admire the splendid luxuriance of the meadow, the soft tranquillity of the valley, or the majestic height of the lofty mountain's stature, or extend our views to the more sublime and awful scenes which present themselves in the celestial sphere; whether we contemplate the glorious effulgence of that orb whose mighty influence animates and revives all things here below, or view with mute astonishment, the pale beams of the waning moon glittering upon the unruffled surface of the stream, encircled by the innumerable body of the starry host; we become lost in rapturous amazement, and are compelled to acknowledge, that all these things *were* formed, and *are* upheld, by the wonder-working hand of Omnipotence. Oh, Providence! how inexhaustible is thy bounty!

bounty! Oh, Nature! how rich are thy treasures! To enlarge upon all the blessings with which an indulgent Father has so abundantly endowed us, and to illustrate all the moral benefits we may derive from an attentive view of the works of nature, would be a task, to the performance of which my abilities are altogether unequal, and would likewise very far exceed the limits of an essay: it is my present intention, therefore, only to embrace that which this autumnal eason particularly brings to my attention.

If it be the part of wisdom to acquire knowledge rom the fleeting transactions of a too selfish world, nd from its occurrences to glean that information, hich will profit us in our pilgrimage through its horny way; of how much greater importance, and ow much does it become our duty, as well as our interest, to store our minds with that eminent wisdom which may be gathered from a survey of the ways of an all-bountiful Providence, displayed in the revolutions of the seasons, and the progress of the vegetabe world, which will not only enable us to meet the uncertain vicissitudes of life with patient composure, bit at the same time, from the most convincing analgies, and soul-persuading arguments, direct our thoughts to an immortal, unpolluted inheritance beyond the tomb, where tears are unknown, and where sorrow never comes! I have been led into this train o' reflection, from beholding, in the present lovely season, the rich luxuriance of the harvest. The country has presented to my view the wheat-sheaf bending under its load, and every species of grain rising to perfection in the most splendid abundance; and to which, the genial warmth of the summer's sun has most providentially imparted its benign influence, and in the fullest prosperity have we been able to gather the staff of life into our barns. Having spent, during the harvest, a short time in my rural retreat, I have had many advantageous opportunities of contrasting the unsuspecting simplicity of humble, yet happy, rustics, with those *despicable legions* who

sacrifice their time, and undermine the native energies of their souls, by complying with the fantastic fashions of the dissipated and idle; the innocent gaiety of the former, with the polluted amusements of the latter; and honest industry, with the contemptible qualities of the trifling *busy-body*.

Much moral instruction may be derived from the subject matter in question; and surely we cannot avoid, even upon the slightest view of the beauties of nature, and the luxuriant harvest, becoming impressed with the most fervent sentiments of gratitude towards that indulgent Being who has given us all these things so richly to enjoy. As imperfect creatures, then, daily and hourly deviating from the paths of rectitude, we should be deeply sensible of the unmerited favors so liberally poured down upon us; and, from serious considerations upon the unbounded goodness, and infinite mercy, of our Protector, learn to bow in humble submission to his will. And when we witness the alternate revolutions of the seasons, let us not forget that time is a sacred trust consigned to us by our Creator, for the use or abuse of which we shall be awfully accountable. With many of us, the day is far spent, the night is at hand; the autumn of our lives has commenced; and increasing infirmities loudly call upon us to use well the few moments we have to live, before the tempestuous winter drags us from our hold. And though the analogy be hacknied, it cannot be too often called to our remembrance, that the autumnal season beautifully pictures to us the period of our fast approaching dissolution, when Time shall, with his indiscriminating scythe, sweep us from the world. Shall we then, who are so earnestly entreated to consider these things, dash the cup of improvement from our lips? When all nature conspires to present to our view, the most lively resemblance of our declining existence, shall we supinely refuse to derive moral instruction from the passing scene? Surely not. Let us rather collect all the knowledge we possibly can, become duly impressed with the importance

tance of the subject, and place our happiness and pleasure upon the firm basis of undeviating innocence and piety. Let us, then, no longer listen to the Syren voice of Dissipation, drain the pernicious cup of pleasure to its last dregs, or look for any satisfaction in sensuality and debauchery.

> " It is the constant revolution, stale
> And tasteless, of the same repeated joys,
> That palls and satiates, and makes languid life
> A pedlar's pack, that bows the bearer down."

Let us rather enjoy the pleasures and amusements of the world in reasonable moderation, considering them merely as secondary concerns, and always most willingly to be given up, when they in the slightest degree interfere with our religious duties. We know we are here but for a short season, and though the voluptuary would direct us to " snatch present bliss, and have the rest to fate," yet reason speaks to us with a more fascinating voice; and revelation has opened to us higher, and far more exalted prospects: it has displayed, in the most majestic, yet animating, colors, another and better world; and intreated us, since our duration here is very uncertain, and our longest stay but transitory and fleeting, to fly to religion, to seek consolation where it can be found, in the ways of piety and virtue, and be prepared to enter upon our eternal voyage, whenever the Providence of heaven shall judge most expedient to call upon us. And as this autumnal season is with a quick step advancing to its close, and hoary Winter fast approaching, let us, who have, in the present harvest, reaped abundantly, remember to how many hardships the poor are unavoidably exposed:

> ——— " Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
> How many shrink into the sordid hut
> Of cheerless Poverty."

That these are not imaginary calamities, experience will teach us. Let us bend our steps to the lonely cottage, and we shall no longer doubt the melancholy fact. And will ye then, O ye monopolizers of the

public good, ye *worst of robbers*, who deprive us of Nature's bounty, will ye behold unmoved the distresses of the poor, and doom them, by your rapacity, to all the horrors of wretchedness and famine? Truly, one would suppose, there could not exist a human being so lost to every sense of virtue, so dead to every amiable principle, as to turn a deaf ear to the distresses of his disconsolate fellow-creatures, and wantonly expose them to incalculable, nay, inconceivable sufferings. If such, however, there be, how anxiously would I entreat them to divest themselves of such feelings! They disgrace human nature; they are a misery to the possessor, and the absolute bane of all peace and happiness. Rather, if they hope for happiness beyond the grave, let them employ their talents to the best advantage, and be charitable not from ostentation, but from principles of universal benevolence. Let them not be merely professed Christians, but freely bestow of their abundance; do unto others as they would be done by; and thus will they avert the vengeance of an offended Providence, and secure to themselves that peace of mind, which the oppressor can never experience, and without which this world has no good thing to bestow.

Finally, let it be our happiness, as it is our duty, to consecrate our lives to our heavenly Father; to show our gratitude for his favors, by implicity obeying his injunctions; to derive wisdom from all his works; to be assured that virtue is the corner-stone of felicity; and that without it, we can never enjoy the eternal, never-fading bliss of paradise. Let us then zealously endeavor to do our Creator's will, and we shall assuredly, when this veil of mortality is rent asunder, be admitted to a participation of the bright glories of everlasting life.

"The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded spring encircle all."

Chester, Dec. 1st, 1802.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE.

Nov. 12.

A NEW candidate for public favor appeared on these boards this evening, in the arduous character of *Hamlet*. This gentleman, whose name is FOOT, gave many proofs of strong feeling and accurate discrimination; but the part presents such a series of difficulties to a young performer, and requires so perfect an acquaintance with the business of the stage, that his *debut* can advance no just claims to distinction. His person and countenance are interesting; but his deportment and action want dignity, grace, and ease. In the familiar scenes he was too laboured; and in the energetic he too frequently "tore the passion to rags." His principal defect is the want of powers and versatility of voice, without which it has been the lot of a very few actors to attain to eminence in the art.

MR. FOOT'S performance was very favourably received. He certainly evinced no inconsiderable knowledge of his author; but we had in vain to look for those beauties which can emanate from genius only.

Nov. 17.

A musical entertainment, under the title of *La Maison à Vendre*, translated from the French by Mr. Cobb, was brought forward at the above Theatre this evening. The original, *La Maison à Vendre*, attained to a degree of popularity on the Parisian boards which the present production does not promise to reach. Yet it is not without its merits. If the fable be uninteresting, the dialogue possesses humor, and much neatness of repartee; and the characters are marked with a just and pleasing diversity.

MR. BANNISTER, in the part of an English naval officer, KELLY, MISS DECAMP, and MRS. BLAND, greatly contributed to the success of the entertainment.

The

The music, which is composed by KELLY, possesses strong claims to praise. Its chief merit consists in its natural melody. The first air given by MRS. BLAND is remarkable for the affecting sweetness of its strains.

A House to be Sold, since its first representation, has been considerably improved. The plan of the edifice was always excellent; but some clever alterations by the Architect, has rendered it now more an object of public curiosity than before. With such able workmen as BANNISTER, DOWTON, and WEWITZER, his embellishments could not fail of having their due effect.

The beautiful manner in which the burletta of *Midas* is revived for representation at this Theatre, is not less creditable to the management, than honorable to the liberality of the proprietors. The scene where the Heathen Deities are assembled in council, is one of the most brilliant and effective we have ever beheld on any Theatre: and the concluding scene is remarkable for the excellence of the perspective, and the richness and beauty of the colouring. The dresses are executed with true classical taste, and the performance is without alloy.

COVENT GARDEN.

Oct. 30.

A Comedy, called *Delays and Blunders*, the production of Mr. REYNOLDS, was performed (for the first time) at this Theatre this evening.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Henry Sapling, - -	MR. LEWIS.
Sapling, - - -	MR. MUNDEN.
Paul Postpone, - -	MR. FAWCETT.
Lieut. St. Orme, - -	MR. SIDDONS.
Sir Edward Delauny, -	MR. MURRAY.
Privilege, - - -	MR. SIMMONS.
Robert Grange, - -	MR. EMERY.

Honoria,

Honoria, - - -	MRS. H. JOHNSTON.
Mrs. St. Orme, - -	MRS. LITCHFIELD.
Lauretta St. Orme, -	MRS. H. SIDDONS.
Mrs. Sapling, - -	MRS. MATTOCKS.

Of the Plot the following is a brief Sketch.—*Lieut. St. Orme*, against the consent of *Sir Frederick Delauny*, married *Amelia*, his only daughter, and fled to America, where, being involved in distress, *Mrs. St. Orme* returned to England, to solicit the assistance of her father. *Sir Frederick*, wishing to separate her from her husband, invented stories of his falsehood, and soon after informed *St. Orme*, by letter, that *Amelia* had detected his intrigues, and, rendered miserable by his baseness, had become insane. *St. Orme* hastily answered, "I charge you to confine her—If she escape, my misery is everlasting:" and with his daughter, *Lauretta*, flew to his unhappy wife's relief. On his arrival, *Sir Frederick* refused to let him see her. *St. Orme*, followed by *Lauretta*, rushed into his presence, and, wild with fury, demanded satisfaction.—*Sir Frederick* declined the meeting. *St. Orme* presented him a pistol; and, on *Sir Frederick's* grasping it to save his life, *St. Orme* conceived it an acceptance of the challenge, and fired. *Sir Frederick* fell, and, in a few months, expired; bequeathing (in case of her recovery) his whole estate to his daughter; but, dreading still her husband's interference, he named his successor his trustee, who prosecutes *St. Orme* for the murder, and confines *Amelia* after her recovery, in order to keep possession of the property. He also shews *Amelia*, *St. Orme's* letter, desiring her to be confined, and thus makes her believe that he is her enemy and tyrant. This passes previously to the commencement of the Play, which opens with *Lauretta* coming from her retreat on the mountains, to visit the county goal, where her father is confined for the murder. She persuades the goaler to deliver to him a small paper parcel, and receives in return the following

following written answer: "Retire to your retreat, and never forget that you alone were present at the murder, and that there's no other witness to convict me." She obeys him instantly; but is afterwards discovered, and seized by the prosecutor, *Sir Edward*, when *Henry Sapling* rescues her, and, to secure her escape, places her in a farm-house, where she meets her mother. *St. Orme* is acquitted by the *Delays and Blunders* of *Paul Postpone;* and *Lauretta* reconciles him to her mother by means of a transparency of the Vestal buried alive.

The comic characters consist of *Squire Sapling*, a fox-hunter, turned fop; *Dick Privilege*, a privilege-man; *Paul Postpone*, a blundering lawyer, who, distracted from his professional pursuits by his love of pleasure, is always an hour too late in the service of his clients; *Henry Sapling*, a naval officer, generous and spirited, yet the slave of a vulgar mistress; and *Robert Grange*, a cunning Yorkshire clown.

From the plot, simple as it may seem, MR. REYNOLDS has contrived to draw forth a succession of incidents more numerous and complicated than are to be found in any of his other pieces. He has also mingled the pathetic with the light and humorous in a very happy manner. His dialogue is familiar and sprightly, and the sentimental effusions are distinguished for natural and affecting expression. The great merit of the Comedy evidently consists in the judicious contrasts of character. Several of the parts possess claims to novelty, and succeed in setting off each other to advantage.

The liberality of MR. HARRIS in getting up this Comedy, has not been confined to any particular department; all the scenes are new and appropriate; and the dresses and decorations testify great taste, and an earnest desire to give every possible gratification to the public.

Nov. 13.

A Tale of Mystery, a Melo-Drame, adapted from the French by MR. HOLCROFT, was performed this evening for the first time. The following are the

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Count Romaldi, - -	MR. H. JOHNSTON.
Bonamo, - - -	MR. MURRAY.
Francisco, - -	MR. FARLEY.
Stephano, - -	MR. BRUNTON.
Michelli, - -	MR. BLANCHARD.
Montano, - -	MR. CLAREMONT.
Malvolio, - -	MR. CORY.
Piero, - - -	MR. SIMMONS.
Selina, - - -	MRS. GIBBS.
Fiametta, - -	MRS. MATTOCKS.

This piece is certainly as masterly a combination of all the requisites which are essential to fascinate the public, as any production of a similar nature that has been brought forward for many years on the boards of a London theatre. The plot abounds in natural and irresistible interest; the diction is chaste and impressive; the characters are strongly marked; and it is most happily embellished by the kindred arts of music, dancing, and painting. The dresses and decorations are of the first magnificence, and judiciously suited to the subject. In every department MR. HARRIS has gratified the most sanguine expectation, in rendering it worthy of universal patronage.

The music, by DR. BUSBY, is entitled to the praise of every professor and amateur. His merits have been long acknowledged; but, in the present instance, he has, perhaps, gone beyond the hopes which his former compositions had raised. True science, and elegant taste, are admirably blended; and the strains and movements frequently anticipate the thoughts which the actor had to express.

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

EVENING DRESSES.

1. Lilac Italian sarsenet dress, with a lace frill. On the head, a bandeau of lace. Gloves, flesh colour; and shoes, lilac.

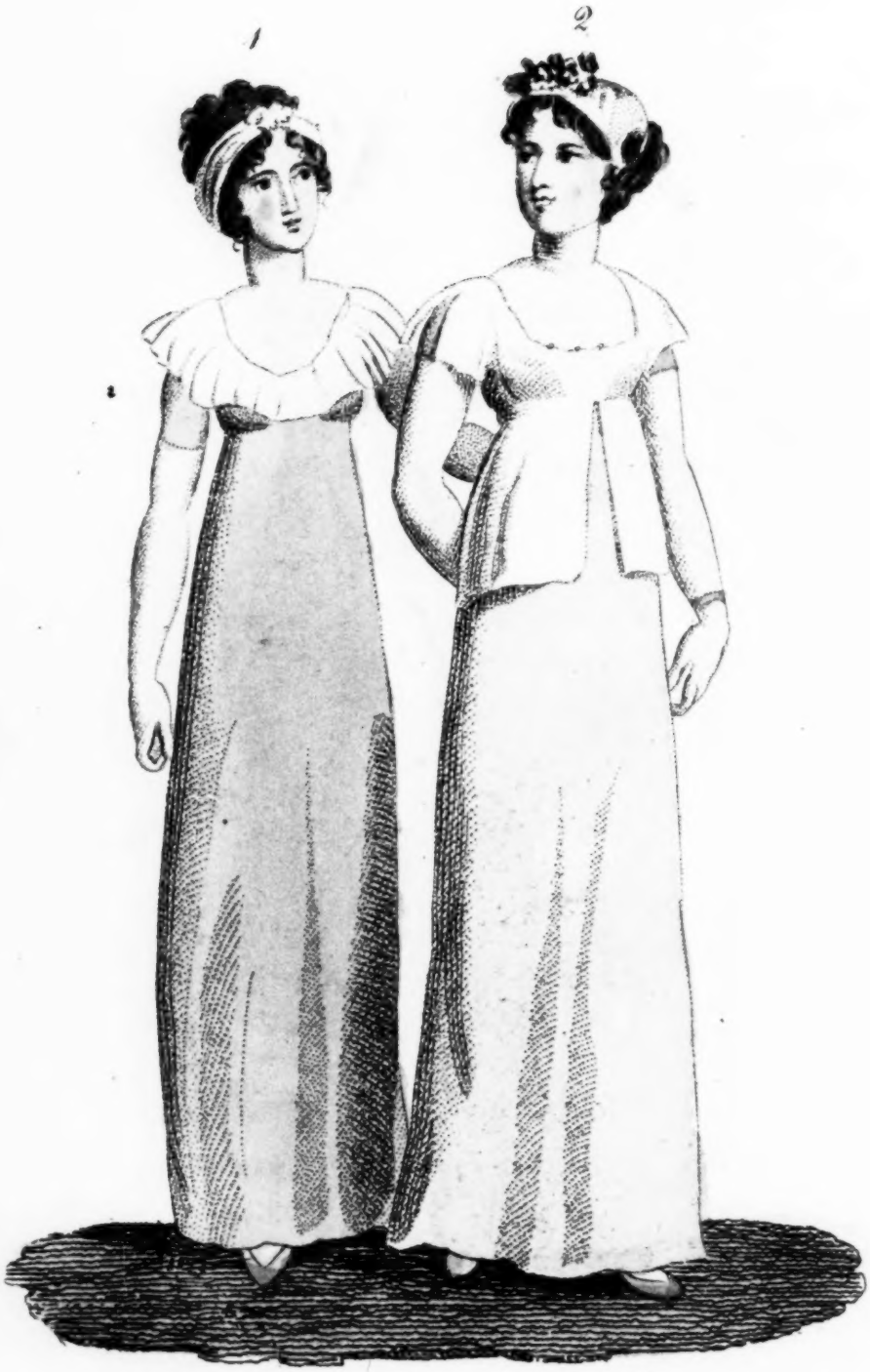
2. Head dress of lace, with a sprig of convolvolus flower. A plain yellow sarsenet dress, and white lace spencer. Gold bracelets. Shoes yellow.

MORNING DRESSES.

3. A plain white muslin dress. A short cloak of mazarine blue velvet, trimmed with white fur; a bonnet of the same, with white fur, and ribbons. Pink gloves, and blue shoes.

4. The dress muslin. Scarlet kerseymere pellice, trimmed at the skirt and sleeves with white fur. The bonnet yellow sarsenet, turned up with green, with a white lace veil, and wreath of convolvolus flowers. Shoes and gloves, green.

*** The most fashionable colours are purple, scarlet, yellow, green, and lilac.



Evening Dresses.

Pub. by Vernor

Morning Dreſſes.

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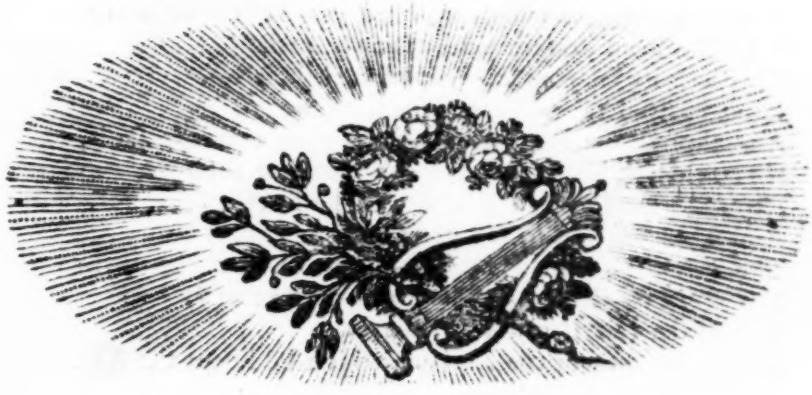

The Apollonian Wreath

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN IN THE CHARACTER OF A FREE-MASON'S WIFE,

BY MRS. SULLIVAN,

After the Entertainment of "THE LOCK AND KEY," *at the Theatre in Town Malling, the 29th of October*, 1802.

WRITTEN BY DR. PERFECT.

"THREE years have now elaps'd, dear spouse," I cry'd,
"Since you were bridegroom, I the happy bride;
"And now I own the best of blessings lie
"In the chaste honors of the nuptial tie:
"There dwell the home-felt sweets, the dear delight;
"There peace reposes, and there joys unite.
"Of them I've shar'd—your confidence deserv'd;
"And from connubial duty never swerv'd.
"Then tell me, truly, why I ever find
"On certain subjects you're so disinclin'd?
"Indeed, I mean not, Husband, to intrude;
"But from your LODGE why do you us exclude?
"The French, I'm told, more civil and polite,
"Our sex with theirs in open LODGE unite.
"Shall Frenchmen, then, exceed our free-born youth?
"O, how absurd—unnatural—uncouth!
"Forbid it, British gallantry and truth.
"As you excel them in th' embattled field,
"To them the palm of beauty never yield.
"If MASONRY improves the mind and heart,
"Pray why conceal from us the charming art?

" And, as for secrecy, we never do reveal
" What virtuous prudence bids us to conceal.
" And Fame says true—or, trust us—Where or when,
" Ladies keep *Secrets* better than the men!"
This had its due effect—Good luck befall—
Kind hearted soul—he said he'd *tell me all.*
And though the *Craft* might think him much in fault,
He could not hide from me one word or thought.
He told me, then, of *Mas'nry* all he knew;
And I'm resolv'd to tell great part to you.
The *Token* is—(Hush! hush!)—SINCERITY.
The *Word* is—LOVE.—The *Sign*—FIDELITY.
To tell the rest I'm not at liberty,
Because my heart's the *Lock* of which he keeps the *Key.*

LINES,

WRITTEN ON A BEAUTIFUL SUMMER'S MORNING, WHILST ON A VISIT IN THE COUNTRY.

Oh! happy shades! to me unblest;
Friendly to peace, but not to me—
How ill the scene, that offers rest,
And heart, that cannot rest, agree!
COWPER.

I.

THO' Nature all her charms unfold,
And music strikes the ear;
No charms can ease, no music sooth,
The thorn, that festers here!

II.

The days are past, the hours are flown,
Ah! moments ever dear!
When childhood reign'd, that never knew
The thorn, that festers here!

III.

'Twas then thy charms, Oh, Nature! pleas'd,
And every sense could cheer;
Ere years increasing hapless gain'd
The thorn, that festers here!

IV.

Ere yet my little bark I launch'd,
Devoid of thought and fear;
Ere sensibility matur'd
The thorn, that festers here!

Too

V.

Too long I grasp'd the fairy forms
That Hope, ah! pictur'd near;
But quick they flew, and left behind
The thorn, that festers here!

VI.

Long had this heart, this fooliſh heart,
Been sway'd by love sincere—
Yet beauty sought not to assuage
The thorn, that festers here!

VII.

Thy fragrant fields, thy blooming flowers,
For me thou need'st not rear;
Since, Summer! thou can'st not pluck out
The thorn, that feſters here!

Crown Office Row, Temple. J. P. II.

INVOCATION TO TRUTH.

I.

LET me invoke thee, Oh, celestial Maid!
To bid the cloud of direful errors flee;
To prove my constant guard—my constant aid,
That I may never once depart from thee.

II.

And ſhould I ever from thy precepts stray,
Ah! let me swiftly own thy just controul:
Dart from thy mirror one resplendent ray,
And let conviction pierce my conscious soul.

III.

How blest is he who yields, in thoughtless youth,
To thee the source of every ardent prayer
That thou wouldst shield him—Oh, unerring Truth!
And guard him with thy fond parental care!

 R. T. OLIVANT.

PARTING LINES TO A YOUNG LADY,

For whom the Author had a long and sincere Attachment; but who afterwards treated him with the coldest Indifference, and from whom he has since separated himself for ever.

No after friendſhips e'er can raise
Th' endearments of our early days;
Nor e'er the heart such fondness prove
As when it first began to love.
LOGAN.

I.

THO' many painful hours have past,
And days ſucceſſive roll'd along;
Since, Laura, I beheld thee last—
Yet, treat not heedleſsly my ſong.

II.

Your welfare, only, prompts my lays,
No other motive ſways my heart:
I aſk not, ſeek not, for your praiſe,
Since Fortune doom'd us both to part.

III.

Believe me, I forgive you quite,
For what I once eſteem'd unkind;
And freely deem you in the right,
For acting with an honeſt mind.

IV.

'Tis true, when children, we were friends,
Still free from care, (ah, happy truth!)
But life, in varied mazes, tends
To ſeparate the friends of youth.

V.

But, ſince you felt no warm regard
For him who bore eſteem for you;
Yet liſten to your votive bard,
And deem his precepts, kind and true.

VI.

No fictious thoughts, no flow'ry words,
In ſimple lines like theſe you'll find.
His ſong is artleſs as the birds,
The ſoft effuſions of his mind.

Oh,

VII.

Oh, Laura, whatsoe'er you do,
If fools should ever seek your hand;
Discard, and spurn them from your view;
Nor tie the *sacrilegious* band!

VIII.

Life is replete with vainest fools,
That cast disgrace on those they court;
Mere human bears, or stubborn mules,
That far outvie the Alpine sort.

IX.

But ever value, and esteem,
The man of mind, the man of sense.
Your days would glide a placid stream,
Cheer'd by his bright'ning influence.

X.

Laura, adieu! once more, adieu!
A last farewell, to meet no more!
May Heaven its blessings shed on you,
Whilst from each blessing I am tore!

Crown Office Row, Temple. J. P. H.

VERSES ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

BY ITS MOTHER.

'TWAS thou, O Lord, lent that sweet babe to me,
Thou now, in mercy, hast took back to thee.
Thy sovereign will be done—But, ah! to part
With one so closely twin'd around my heart,
Thou know'st how hard.—Oh, help me to resign
My will to thine, whose wisdom is *divine*.
Most surely *trusting*, thou, in *tender love*,
Hast call'd my child to endless bliss above,
Where ceaseless praise his lisping tongue employs,
Fill'd with the fullness of celestial joys.
Thrice happy babe! from sin and Satan's snares
Escap'd.—beyond the reach of mortal cares;
To contemplate thy bliss my spirit cheers,
Sooths my afflicted breast, restrains my gushing tears.

E. M.

DELIA.

I.

SWEET is the morning's golden beam,
That wide illumes the blooming glade;
But sweeter does my Delia seem,
As, smiling, trips the lovely maid.

II.

Sweet is the voice of jocund May,
The pride of all the circling year;
But sweeter is my Delia's lay,
As oft it strikes my raptur'd ear.

Sweet is the veil that evening throws,
And sweet the morning's crimson hue;
But sweeter charms her cheeks disclose,
As oft my Delia meets my view.

IV.

Sweet is the dew which lenient Eve
Sheds o'er the bloom she'd fondly rear;
But, ah! when Hope's bright scenes deceive,
Far sweeter is my Delia's tear!

Southwark. JOHN SHEPPARD, JUN.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON THE SEA SHORE.

THOU pallid orb, that cheer'st the evening sky,
Now countless myriads, round, attendant gleam;
I love to hail thy gentle presence, nigh,
And trace o'er yonder wave, thy cloudless beam.

II.

Thus, while I brave life's unremitting storm,
Do thou, soft Hope, my rising tears controul;
Pierce thro' the gloom, which deepest sorrows form;
Illume the wave, that would o'erwhelm my soul.

Southwark. JOHN SHEPPARD, Jun.

A PASTORAL EPISTLE,

TO DAMON.

DEAR Damon, you bade me to state,
Why I thought my Pastora was kind:
Attend, dearest friend, I'll relate;
For I think I've discover'd her mind:
You thought her the queen of the grove,
When the lasses all sported in May;
And bade me despair of her love;
For the charmer, you said, was too gay.

When Summer danc'd over the green,
And Phœbus had length'ned his reign,
As ev'ning bedew'd the dim scene,
I met the fair maid on the plain;
Enraptur'd I gaz'd on her charms;
She blush'd as I stammer'd my pain;
Her bosom heav'd high in alarms
As she strove the soft sigh to restrain.

Next morn, as I stray'd thro' the mead,
I heard her soft converse unseen:
She said, "My dear Phillis, indeed;
"So he told me last night on the green."—
Amazement bewilder'd my frame;
Confused I was, I'll allow;
But when the fair whisper'd my name,
I felt—but I cannot tell how.

On fair day, a day of much glee,
Of ribbands I bought her the best:
She promis'd to wear it for me,
And wears it till now on her breast.
At shearing she pass'd by the stream,
And list'ned awhile at my song—
But now I must finish my theme,
For I see her come tripping along.

Tooley-Street, J. W. SMITH.
8th Nov. 1802.

Correspondence, &c.

Being preſſed for room, we cannot acknowledge the numerous Communications not inserted this Month; many of which, now under examination, will appear in our next.

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Printed by T. Maiden, Sherbourne-Lane, Lombard-Street,